

Special Features This Issue

Kokopelli 2014 – Around Prince Edward Island
Passage West...and East – Thomas Firth Jones
The Last Wooden Whaler – Maine's First Ship



messing about in **BOATS**

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

As I wrapped up this issue the end of July writing this column the latest issue of *Rowing* magazine arrived, one of a number of boating publications that we exchange issues with. The rowing which is its subject is that of the world of intercollegiate/Olympic/ private rowing club competition, not an interest close to my heart. But the magazine is a spectacular one, all color on glossy paper and, at 9", a half inch wider than our conventional 8½". The photography is superbly suited to the subject, lots of photos of racing shells in action in beautiful settings, two page panoramics included. Another aspect pictured is closeups of the straining athletes at play. This game is an athletic one and pain seems to figure in its mystique.

The advertising support is heavy, hard to realize how much gear is offered to so narrowly focused an activity. Yes, I do read the occasional article in it about the sport's bygone times. It is unique in that this nationally pursued rowing sport has no professional future for all these amateur competitors. There once was a professional game in the late 1800s, but rampant cheating influenced by heavy betting put paid to it and the sport survived ever after as an amateur game. Those beyond their collegiate and Olympic careers carry on in private rowing clubs scattered around the country.

A number of "Head of the..." events take place all over the country with openings for all. Here in Boston the Head of the Charles is a major annual fall event when hundreds of teams and individuals compete on the Charles River watched by an estimated (by the Boston media) hundreds of thousands along the river banks, several miles of picnics on the grass right out of the 1890s as the nation's best rowers pass by.

Amongst the limited number of books about this sport, one that stands out which I have read is *The Amateurs* by David Halberstam. This is a fascinating look into the culture by a world class writer, not himself embedded in the game. Another I read is *The Shell Game* by Steven Kiesling. The author chronicles his career on a collegiate crew with all of its challenges and burdens in pursuit of excellence. This is an engrossing look into total dedication by someone not a top contender. It's all for the sport but there's little room for those who do not measure up. And Peter Jepson's review in our July issue of the recently released *The Boys in the Boat* has prompted me to ask my library to locate a copy.

I have no argument with professional sports, but I am not a fan of any of them (precious few persons ever get to participate in them), preferring to participate in my own low level games (paddling and pedaling in my declining years). If my interest in reading about something such as this highly specialized form of rowing can be viewed as my being a fan, it is because I am interested in the human drama of those who choose to aspire to excellence with no thought of financial gain. Intercollegiate rowing is subsidized by those universities which choose to participate in it with boathouses, boats and coaches, but there's no financial return to the schools nor the athletes.

Meanwhile, back here in *Messing About in Boats*' world, our chronicling of rowing is focused on everyday folks enjoying a form of recreation unique in that it is practiced while moving backwards. Can anyone suggest to me another sport that does this? Its origin in workboats, sort of the equivalent of wheelbarrows on the water, was plain work, hard work. That today we are so far beyond that era that such rowing is indulged in as recreation tells us something about our times. What is it that attracts some of us to this way to play?

My early forays into rowing involved a couple of different sorts of rowboats. A Penobscot Bay Wherry was a rather heavily built lapstrake wooden workboat from a fishing background. A later Old Town was a canoe type construction version of a Rangeley Lake Boat, a lighter, far nimbler and more satisfying craft to row, especially with the two of us at the oars. An enduring memory of that boat is from a TSCA gathering at Christmas Cove on the Maine coast about 25 years ago. A flotilla of small rowing, paddling and sailing craft had "cruised" over to Pemaquid Point, about three miles across Johns Bay, open to the southwest, in benign conditions. Afternoon brought on the familiar sou'wester and we faced a strong headwind and chop off the port bow returning to the Cove. That Rangeley hull took it in stride and we didn't even get wet, as some of the small boat sailors did.

But I eventually found that rowing facing backwards was just not my favorite once I took up paddling a sea kayak. I still look at such as our local Swampscott dory (and an early vision of building one thanks to John Gardner that never happened) and, of course, that Rangeley Lake boat, with faint stirrings of "maybe I might just have a little go at that" once more.

On the Cover...

Several veterans from the late Jim Thayer's bygone Kokopelli outings on the southwest desert's Lake Powell revived the gathering this year, along with some new folks, and Kim tells us all about it in this issue.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

Finally able to relax with a well deserved cup of green tea and some crackers and cheese, now that I'm securely on a mooring here at Block Island. It's nearly four o'clock and all I've had for the five-hour passage was water and an apple and a protein bar. It's tough to hang onto the tiller and reach the stove in the galley, down below.

I got a notion about a week ago Monday that I should take advantage of this unseasonable warmth to go sailing another time before the snow flies. Of course, I knew I should feel guilty taking time off to indulge myself while the rest of the world worked, so I justified sailing by calling this a business trip. My accountant, not being a sailor, may roll his eyes.

I discovered that Block Island has two bookstores as well as a newspaper and a library. Did I tell you I decided to sail to Block Island? It's a bit over twenty miles from Noank, an easy sail when the wind is blowing. And this time of year the wind is blowing. I decided to inflict myself on Block Island. One bookstore is closed for the season; the other didn't list their email on their website. I still am old fashioned enough to care to match a name with a smile. Not that I haven't scheduled readings via email. Not that I haven't been published in periodicals the same way. Not that I haven't had a book produced without a glimpse of my publisher. One of my editors has the androgynous name of Chris. After the space of fourteen months, I still don't know if this person's bicycle has a crossbar or not.

Anyway, I prefer to shake hands with people and, afterward, look forward to their email. And it seemed that as this bookstore hadn't email, the choice came down to sailing over to see them, or calling them on the phone. And I hate phones. So I packed my worldly goods in *MoonWind*'s lockers, as well as food for four days; studied the wind and weather on my computer; and shoved off this morning in time to ride the tide. The wind, which was moderate, blew over my shoulder. I had one reef in my main from the week before, and hanked on my smaller jib.

I'm terrible at making decisions. I could have shaken out my reef, but, beyond the tip of Fishers Island, the sea seemed just a mite troubled, as though it had eaten something that disagreed with it, like a trawler full of menhaden, perhaps, or an unwashed lobster boat. So I left that reef in, and although it never got very brisk, I made five knots across Block Island Sound.

I lay back and admired the stratified sky that tried to improve on a Maxfield Parrish painting without success. I thought about lunch. When I need to tend the helm, an apple is generally all I can easily manage. I tried running wing and wing for a couple of miles, but my roller reef prevented rigging my preventer. Yes, I should shake out that reef. I smiled at the pale sun and watched a young mermaid sporting among the waves. I'm readily distracted, this time of life. As it's difficult to watch mermaids and prevent a flying jibe, I chose to head up a couple of points, and consequently, missed the harbor entrance by a mile.

An hour from New Harbor, the wind increased; the sea kicked up; I felt justified in not having shaken out that reef in my main. I've learned you can justify nearly anything, all it requires is patience. I rode the small rollers into the channel to Great Salt Pond, and letting my jib out the other side, surged through the harbor at five knots, wing and wing. Great Salt Pond is a mile long and at least half a mile in width. In the summer time, you're lucky to find a spot to drop your anchor. Today scarcely a dozen boats adorned the entire harbor. Though most of the mooring pendants had been removed, I still had my choice of a dozen. I rounded up a hundred yards from Payne's wharf and snagged a mooring.

As I remarked, it's four o'clock and I've settled down to have tea. The wind is expected to yell tonight; already *MoonWind* pitches like a fractious filly. But tomorrow they promise calm. Then I can paddle ashore and ingratiate myself to the innocent town of New Shoreham. It's good to know I can treat myself to a muffin and a cup of coffee, and write it off as a bona fide business expense.



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Activities & Events...



EWMM Is Here!

Wow! It's September already. After a summer season of messing with our floating friends, most of us are thinking about putting our boats away for the inevitable winter soon to come. But wait. Not quite yet. There are still a few essential events that really should be on every messer's calendar. Sandwiched between the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival and Sail Oklahoma (next month) is the first annual Eastern Washington Northern Idaho Movable Messabout. There's still time to hook up your trailer, toss in your camping gear, a can or two of beef stew and hit the road. We're gonna meet up for breakfast in the little town of Priest River, Idaho, at 0800 on Wednesday, September 10. It's a small town. Just ask anybody where AJ's is. Besides, it should be pretty hard to miss. There will be a gaggle of boats on trailers parked out front.

Maybe you'll be there? Maybe you'll have to read about it when we get back home. Either way, this should be quite the caper. Wednesday to Wednesday. Tall timber to prairie lakes. Swapping lies around a half dozen camp fires. Sailing, rowing, paddling, motoring or simply sitting on the beach studying the fall foliage.

We're gonna have a grand time. I really do hope you can come along!

Dan Rogers, DANASHORE@conceptcable.com



2nd Annual Wellfleet Rowing Rendezvous

We are proud to announce the 2nd Annual Wellfleet Rowing Rendezvous on September 27 at Mayo Beach in Wellfleet, Massachusetts, on outer Cape Cod. We will have several different rowing craft available to row. The list is still undetermined but it will probably include a Gloucester Gull and a Swampscott Dory. Last year we had six boats and are hoping for several more this year. We will also have some different oars and oarlocks to try out.

You write to us about...

Rowers are invited to bring their boats for others to row. Boats can be launched from trailers at the boat ramp at the Wellfleet Marina next to the beach or hand launched at the town landing right next to the commercial pier.

This is event is free but please register via email or phone if you are planning to attend. Register at walter@oldwharf.com or at (508) 349-2383. More details will be available as we get closer to the event at www.oldwharf.com.

Our thanks to the Cape Cod Marine Trades Association for their sponsorship of this event. We hope to see you there!

Walter Baron, Old Wharf Dory, Wellfleet, MA



Southport Wooden Boat Show

Southport's fourth annual Wooden Boat Show takes place on September 27 at the Old Yacht Basin in Southport, North Carolina. The show promotes interest in the craft and art of wooden boat construction, to support efforts to preserve wooden boat construction and skills and to celebrate the region's maritime and boat building history. Near Wilmington, Southport is a charming coastal town with history, architecture, great dining and other attractions worth staying for a weekend. Free admission. Tickets to a Seafood Chowder cook off and wooden skiff raffle for a nominal fee. For more information, visit <http://southportwoodenboats.netfirms.com>. (910) 477-2787.



32nd Annual Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival

The 32nd Annual Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival comes to the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum on October 4 and 5, bringing a collection of small craft to the museum's Miles River waterfront. Sailing skiffs, rowing shells, kayaks, canoes, paddleboats, prams and other one of a kind boats will be in the water and on land throughout the weekend, a great opportunity to see and learn about some of the finest traditional and con-

temporary small craft. On Saturday, a small craft race on the Miles River begins at 1pm.

Scenic Miles River cruises aboard the 1920 buyboat *Winnie Estelle* will be offered throughout the two day festival. Boat building workshops and maritime demonstrations by CBMM's boatyard staff and instructors from the Chesapeake Wooden Boat Builders School will also be offered.

For more information, visit www.cbmm.org/mascf or call 410-745-2916.

Adventures & Experiences...

My Boats Keep Getting Smaller!

My current business card features my 24' Skipjack in the background and a wooden "Uncle Gabe's Skiff" built to design by Sam Rabl as it appears in his book, *Boatbuilding in Your Own Backyard*. My boats keep getting smaller.

Jim McKelvey, Newark, DE

Exercising the Fleet

Been busy exercising my fleet, just came from a play date with my 109 built with Dan Sutherland and with Jim Thayer's Wee Punkin. Both excellent in their design and real fun to use.

Dave Kavner, Keene, NY

Opinions...

About These Historic Restorations

Your "Commentary" in the July issue was focused on Mystic Seaport's wooden whalership *Charles W. Morgan* (now sailing around New England) brought out the point that only 17% of this ship is from the original *Morgan* built 170 years ago. You wrote:

"What this brings me to conclude, once again, is that these restorations of historic artifacts do not result, in this particular instant, in a "170 year old ship sails again!" She is actually a newly built re-creation of the original with some original bits still onboard. A nice job of it but most of the original is long gone."

The *Wooden Boat Calendar* for the month of July has a photograph by Benjamin Mendelowiz of the graceful gaff sail sloop *Uncas* with the number "K6" on her mainsail. The caption at the bottom of the photograph states:

"All five original Buzzards Bay 18s, built as a racing fleet for the Bay's shallow headwaters, were identical keel/centerboarders. Free from such restrictions and built a century late, this sixth boat was given a full keel to simplify construction and add to her sail carrying ability and the running backstays eliminated."

Uncas, 29'x8'1, "modified Buzzards Bay 18 sloop **designed by N.G. Herreshoff** and built by Artisan Boatworks, Rockport, Maine, 2012."

Might it have been better to have stated "... modified Buzzards Bay 18 sloop **designed in the style of N.G. Herreshoff ...**?" This change to the caption would be in the same spirit as when you suggested the current *Charles W Morgan* should be described as a "re-creation of the original?"

John W. Cooper, San Antonio, TX

The Dream

There are lots of wooden boat shows around the country and around the world for that matter. As an amateur boat builder, I have attended as many as possible. Perhaps 20 years ago someone organized a wooden boat show at Lake Travis, near Austin, Texas. I went and had a great time. For the first time I met other people who knew what "stitch and glue" meant. I was sure it was going to be the start of an annual high point in the lives of boat builders. But there was never a repeat and I could not find out why.

Fast forward ten years or so and we had a rare opportunity to be in the Pacific Northwest at the time of the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. Whoa! That was an eye opener! We wandered around for two days and still did not see all the boats. By the end of our time there, we were in a daze.

But being a backyard boat builder, who had learned instant boat building from the likes of Bolger and Payson, I had mixed feelings about all the traditionally built boats that were copper riveted cedar lapstrake over steam bent oak ribs. They are lovely boats, but something I could never hope to make. Anyway, there were examples of equally lovely lapstrake boats made in the glued plywood method. But there was an unspoken feeling that anything using plywood, anything that was not caulked with cotton, anything that was not fastened with copper nails, was somehow just not up to par.

In spite of my misgivings about the hierarchy of the wooden boat world, I still felt there ought to be a show in Texas for the wooden boat builders and sailors in our part of the world. I knew we had them from my experiences with messabouts and raids in Texas and the surrounding states.



A group of boat builders at a recent Sail Oklahoma.

The Opportunity

I had been able to help start a raid type event that we call the Texas 200. It was never intended to be limited to home built or to wooden boats, but it turned out that a bunch of backyard boat builders from around the country were drawn to the event. One of them was Frank Coletta. Frank lives in San Antonio and sails a sweet little SF Pelican finished bright. Frank is an idea guy and liked the idea of a wooden boat show in Texas. Frank and I kicked around the idea of organizing something but never did anything until Frank got elected president of the Traditional Small Craft Association (TSCA) and met Rick Pratt. Rick is a long time boat builder from Port Aransas, Texas. These days Rick runs the Port Aransas Preservation and Historical Association (PAPHA) which operates the Port Aransas Museum, a must see in Port A, and the Farley Boat Works, a boat building business established in 1915 and now serving as a community boat building center.

Birth of a Boat Show

The Port Aransas plyWooden Boat Festival Port Aransas Texas October 17-19, 2014

By Chuck Leinweber



Aerial view of the Port Aransas Marina. The grassy area on the right is where we will display boats in addition to those in the harbor.



Rick Pratt at Farley Boat Works.

Frank wrote that I needed to meet Rick and further that Port Aransas would be the perfect place for our Wooden Boat show. So on a Saturday morning last year the three of us met and it was obvious that the Texas Wooden Boat Show idea had reached critical mass. Between the three of us we figured we had enough talent and connections to at least make a valiant attempt to put on a credible event.

The Twist

Our first official meeting took place on January 4, 2014. We were ready to start hashing things out. I expressed my feelings about the fact that plywood boats were almost treated like orphans at wooden boat shows I had been to. I thought we should emphasize real boats built by real people who really use them. Rick immediately agreed but added that we should encourage museum pieces to be exhibited, too. So I made a motion that we name our event "The Port Aransas plyWooden Boat Festival." We would have a show for all wooden boats with no prejudices. I liked the fact that the name was a clever play on words, but I was not sure if it wasn't too clever. Oh well, it's too late now as the word is out and no one has objected. So far.

What to Expect

The plan is to make the event a non stop fun weekend for anyone who comes. It is our first year and I think we have a plenty of stuff lined up for the whole family. In, addition, the annual "Old Town Festival" will take

place that same weekend, with all sorts of events of its own.

We will have several families building boats right there at the festival, they are scheduled to finish on Sunday and sail their new boats in the harbor. There will be a tent for kids, boat rowing and paddling, a lighthouse tour on a larger tour boat, refreshments, tours of the historical Farley Boat Works and the recently acquired scow schooner *Lydia Ann*. This schooner, by the way, is actively under construction at the shop and visitors can lend a hand.

We will have (a bunch of) lectures, demonstrations and slide shows by various notables. John Welsford will teach an "Essential Skills" boat building workshop at the Farley Boat Works on the Thursday and Friday before the show. He will also give talks during the festival as will Richard Woods, Jim Michalak and others.

Where You Fit In

We need your help. We are appealing to all boat builders who can possibly come to bring their boats to be put on display. We have a large, grassy, five acres next to the harbor in Port Aransas for these boats and we want to fill that area up. We also have a number of slips in the harbor. There will be no entry fee for the festival and anyone who brings a boat for display will receive a voucher for an exclusive Saturday night dinner for the organizers, vendors, boat designers and other dignitaries as well as a fine T-shirt with our boat show logo, a fine piece of memorabilia.

Why is it important that you bring your boat? Two reasons. First, we really need this first year's event to be a success so we can attract more sponsors, vendors, supporters and visitors next year and in years to come. We do not want this to be a one time event. You don't either. Second, we want to inspire the "civilians" and newbies, who come to the show out of curiosity, to build their own boats. If it seems doable they are more likely to give it a shot. For this reason, we want the whole spectrum of boats from big to tiny, from polished to workboat finish. New boats, old boats, unfinished boats and boats that need to be rescued. If you have a wooden boat we want to see it there. We are even looking for partially built boats. We figure showing boats in the process of being built will help inspire folks to take the plunge and build one of their own.

There will be a lighthearted award ceremony at 1pm on Sunday to confer awards to boats which excel in categories such as; Best Craftsmanship, Most Classic, Best Workboat Finish, "Yes, It Really Floats," Most Innovative, Most Unique, Homeliest Boat, Best Unfinished, Traveled the Farthest, etc.

The dates for the show are October 17-19 2014. Check out our website for more info: www.portaransasplywoodenboatfestival.org. We also would like to hear questions, suggestions and gripes. You can email us or vent on our Facebook page: www.facebook.com/groups/498710376922530/

See you in Port Aransas, TX

October 17-19

33rd Classic Boat Show and Small Craft Festival

By John Nystrom

Saturday, June 21, was the day of Michigan Maritime Museum's annual Classic Boat Show and Small Craft Festival for 2014. South Haven was once a busy Lake Michigan fishing and working port, but now caters to the summer tourism cycle. The weekend was also host to South Haven's Harbor Fest, with all the usual sorts of activities around town and on the water, including dragon boat races.

About 40 boats and vendors participated, in addition to the museum's own collection. Both of Michigan's Traditional Small Craft Association chapters participated, with a spar building demonstration as well as the usual information table and display of member's own boats. Allen Deming, of Mackinaw Watercraft (www.mackinawwatercraft.com), gave a talk on "When the Boat Plans Don't Quite Work," and Larry and Theo Wachowski did a presentation on their father and son Shellback Dinghy project. The museum contributed a toy boat building set up for the kids and a tour outlining the restoration and preservation of *Evelyn S*, the museum's 1939 wooden fish tug. The presentation was done by Pat Mahon, director of Great Lakes Boat Building School, who is advising on the project. One of Pat's former students is now working with the museum, on this very boat, but I neglected to get his name.

Fish tugs were unique fishing boats, designed for fishing the Great Lakes right through the harsh winters. They were housed over from stem to stern with a small house either amidship or at the stern for conning and all work done from inside the vessel. *Evelyn S*, like most of the fish tugs, was built of wood and then had the hull sheathed in welded iron or steel to survive the winter ice. Fish tugs were their own ice breakers. Oil was used between the metal and wood hull to control rot and allow the hull to "work." The result is that eventually rot won and now most of these unique workboats are gone. There is no way to remove the metal in order to restore the wood beneath, so preservation using linseed oil between the sheathing and the wood hull appears to be the best course of action. Above the metal restoration and preservation methods will be more conventional. *Evelyn S* will be displayed onshore. (<http://www.harveyhadland.com/> is dedicated to fish tugs).

Pat Mahon, of course, had a table and display promoting Great Lakes Boat Building School and talked to everyone about their programs. (One can dream, can't they? www.glbs.org). Pat, Allen and everyone else at the show were more than happy to talk boats, boat building and messing about with all comers.

The stars of the show seemed to be Clark Goemann and Walt Peebles from Michigan State University, who were displaying their collection of coracles and building a coracle throughout the day. They had presoaked laths for about a week and then used the smallest wood steamer I've seen to begin weaving and bending those wood laths into the shape of a coracle. Several times during the day Clark took one of his coracles to the shore to demonstrate how they paddle a teacup in



Fish tug *Evelyn S* on the hard.



The museum's own electric launch and 1812 sloop *Friends Good Will*.



Boats on the lawn include a Michalak Ladybug, a 1904 gasoline launch, 2 Swampscott dories, and an aluminum runabout.

Runabout *Maiden Michigan III*.

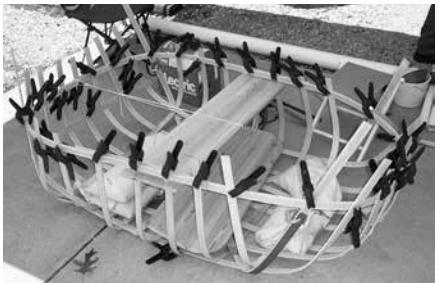


a straight line. He also allowed anyone with desire to a chance to paddle what has to rank as the smallest boat on the waters.

Walt also brought along two of his Mead kayaks. From 1932 to about 1943 or so, the Mead Glider Co of Chicago sold kits



Coracle frame parts ready to assemble.



Coracle frame nearly complete.

Clark Goemann demonstrating coracle.



Historic Log Canoe *Flying Cloud* Donated to CBMM



On June 26, the historic log canoe *Flying Cloud*, which is the second largest racing log canoe in existence today, joined the largest collection of Chesapeake Bay watercraft in the world at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, donated by brothers Allan and John Noble of Oxford, Maryland. The Nobles' father had purchased *Flying Cloud* in 1955. Now the museum has two log canoes, the other being the smaller *Edmund S.*

and complete boats. Mead's kayaks and rowboats were skin on frame craft of light weight and low cost. They may have been the least expensive way to get out on the water during the Great Depression. Walt's collection consists of six original Mead kayaks and a Mead rowboat, along with an extensive collection of company literature. I gave the coracle a try and, after spinning the teacup for a few revolutions, managed to propel myself in a straight line for about 50 yards and then back. In addition to Clark, I was coached by Eric Seefeld, who works with a non profit program called RED8 Boatworks, in Traverse City, Michigan (RED8boatworks.org) that uses stand up paddleboard building and liveries to work with youth.

Boats at the show were a diverse range: a 1904 Duchess launch built by Western Gas Engine & Launch Co of Mishawaka, Indiana; at least two wooden runabouts from the '50s; a couple of nice Swampscott dories; an aluminum runabout, complete with an antique Mercury outboard hanging on a tumblehome stern (don't see many of those on aluminum boats); a wooden runabout in the water that appeared to be a Glen-L design; a Jim Michalak Ladybug sailboat, whose owner I didn't run into but would have liked to talk with; a MacGregor sailing canoe; a wherry or two; a stripbuilt sailing trimaran with carbon spars; kayaks, sailboats, canoes, powerboats, a bit of anything to delight a messabouter's heart. Finishes ranged from workboat and original patina through to Mackinaw Watercraft paddles and stripbuilt kayaks just fresh from or going to art show displays.

I was supposed to bring up my Puddle Duck Racer (which would have been by far the most "workboat finished" item in the show), but the trailer is still in a dozen pieces for repainting.

A good time was had by all, including my son, who loves getting out on the water but isn't particularly intrigued with watercraft themselves.



Allen Deming and some of his art gallery grade kayaks.



TSCA table.

TSCA sparmaking demonstration.



Flying Cloud has been actively racing in the log canoe fleet for the last three seasons, following extensive repairs on her hull. She was skippered by Sean Callahan and, before the work on her hull, by Allan Noble. The museum is currently recruiting crew for the *Flying Cloud* and plans to race her in the coming months.

Flying Cloud was built in 1932 by John B. Harrison for marine engineer and businessman A. Johnson Grymes, Sr, who had a summer home in Talbot County. Grymes lured Buck Richardson away from another canoe to skipper *Flying Cloud* and Richardson sailed her successfully to win the Governor's Cup. His crew was uniformed in yachting whites and the presence of the *Flying Cloud* and other big, new canoes aroused acrimony among the sailors of the day. The boat was later acquired by Fred Kaiser of Virginia, who sailed the boat for pleasure but did not race her, and then, in 1952, by marine artist John Noble, Sr, of Staten Island.

Visitors to CBMM can see *Flying Cloud* dockside or along its 18 acre waterfront campus when she's not sailing. The museum is open daily with 12 exhibit buildings focused on life along the Chesapeake Bay. For more information call (410) 745-2916 or visit www.cbmm.org.



Our camp in Cedar Canyon.

For many years, Jim Thayer's report of the annual "Kokopelli" cruise was a recurring feature in *MAIB*. He was a prolific contributor to *MAIB* of articles on boats and boat building. Sadly, Jim passed away a few years ago. He is missed by those who knew him or followed his writings, which had a distinctive "voice" in a manner similar to Robb White's, another great writer who *MAIB* readers still miss. Though it's not the same without Jim, the Kokopelli lives on and I accept the solemn duty this year of reporting in his place.

The Kokopelli began about 20 years ago with Jim taking his family on summer sailing and camping vacations to Lake Powell in southern Utah, the nearest big lake to his home in western Colorado. Jim was actually a native of the Chesapeake Bay area and, when he moved west, he brought his love of sailing with him to a region with not much water and even fewer sailboats. Over time the group expanded to include friends, who invited other friends. They began to call the annual Lake Powell week of camp cruising "The Kokopelli," named for the iconic, quasi-human figure with a curved back, playing a flute, painted by the ancient native people on canyon walls across the desert southwest.

The whimsical tone continued with calling those who participated "Kokonauts." For a while, the word was spread through a newsletter, the old fashioned paper kind, which Jim mailed out in the days before universal email. Jim's approach to the Kokopelli was an open invitation to all with a minimum of organization. If you showed up, you were assumed to know what you were doing which helped me, and others I presume, prepare appropriately. This made rules and fixed agendas unnecessary.

Kokopelli 2014

Two Accounts

By Kim Apel, San Clemente, CA

sary and allowed adventure and spontaneity to flourish.

It shouldn't have worked, but it did. Outboard motors, for example, were not encouraged but they were tolerated. Jim never used one but he may have accepted a tow once or twice. The timing generally settled on the week of the first full moon after the autumnal equinox. This was for the practical reason of scheduling it after the summer heat and crowds had somewhat dissipated but still comfortable weather. It was nevertheless a summer ritual for anxious, would-be participants to ask Jim to confirm the dates of the upcoming event. He would promise to "consult Kokopelli," as though he would need to visit a Holy Man or a demigod to receive instructions, and then he would "return" and announce the dates.

Lake Powell is a reservoir of the Colorado River, extending 150 miles across Utah and Arizona. The lake and its environs are also known as Glen Canyon National Recreation Area, managed by the National Park Service but with less strict protections than those afforded to the national parks. The lake is named for Major John Wesley Powell, a one armed Civil War veteran who, in 1869, led the first party to descend the Colorado River through what was then the last "terra incognita" in America. Part of his path down the river is now dammed, forming Lake Powell.

The lake still lies at the center of a vast area of sparsely populated desert, canyons and mountains. It's not on the way to anywhere. It's a day's travel from Phoenix, Las Vegas or Salt Lake City. One has to really want to go there to get there. Over the lake's broad expanse there are only three widespread points of public access. The rest is a rocky, canyon carved wilderness. To some, this kind of landscape is unlovable and the last place they would choose to go cruising. Yet many love Lake Powell for its raw, primitive character.

In 2014 the Kokopelli shifted to June to allow the participation of a number of high school age young men and women for whom missing a week of school in the fall would be unwise. Traveling significant distances, 12 people gathered from five states on Sunday, June 21, in a cove near the Bullfrog Bay Marina for the start of Kokopelli 2014. Some were veterans of many Kokopellis, some were rookies. Where our cruising destination might be wasn't discussed until the first night's campfire, a short distance from the Bullfrog Bay launch point. The winding, linear geography of the lake means that we'd have to choose to go upstream or down. We chose upstream. The plan was for two days travel upstream to Good Hope Bay, have a lay day and then two days to return, about a 50 mile round trip.

Day 2: I was in my fiberglass canoe, driven by a sliding seat rowing rig with just enough cockpit space for my camping gear plus a complete sail rig which, alas, I never deployed. It was some years since I had last used the rowing rig and, while the equipment worked perfectly, it was harder on my body

than I remembered. I got where I needed to go, but since my last such outing apparently my age has gone up and my fitness level down, ouch. Regular doses of anti inflammatory drugs mitigated my back distress and tape covered my fingers to mitigate blisters.

The Leinweber family were in three homebuilt Michalak kayaks, well suited to the task. Hal Link was in a very sleek Kevlar sea kayak. Dad and daughter, Paul and Cathy Cook, were in a canoe. Longtime Kokopelli veteran Tom Gale was there with four teenagers, two of his own plus two friends to keep them company. They came all the way from Washington State with a small fleet in tow, an 18' pocket cruiser sailboat plus a tandem kayak and one of Jim Thayer's line of small sailboats.

Blue skies and sunshine rule the desert in June, though we wouldn't have minded some clouds for relief from the relentless sun. Wind is the great variable in Lake Powell travel. Paul asked at the start what the wind conditions would be like. I said, "This is Lake Powell. The wind will do whatever it likes, 24/7." Other places have daily or seasonal wind patterns, not here, except for the observation that the wind is usually too much or too little for good sailing. That said, we had what passed for decent sailing conditions the first two days so Tom actually sailed while the rest of us paddled or rowed. While I have been to Lake Powell a number of times, this particular leg of the lake was new to me so it was particularly rewarding to explore it.

Our second night's campsite was rejected on the first pass, but then we found only worse options beyond so we returned and made the best of a rocky, sloping site. I found what seemed like the only near flat place in the area to pitch my small tent, at the price of a steep uphill walk from the water's edge. As evening drew near, Hal entertained us by claiming he could build a sail rig for his kayak with a few bits of wood, a piece of a plastic tarp and a roll of duct tape, which he had brought along. We were skeptical. Then, in a matter of minutes, he did it, he installed it on the kayak and he pushed off for a test. With barely any breeze, and only a tiny sail area, the results were modest but it worked, sort of, and the skeptics were silenced.

Drawing on his experience as former army cook, Tom provided a lavish evening meal for all, at least by the standards of Lake Powell camp cruising. Breakfast and lunch were typically organized by individuals or family groups and the duty of providing the evening meal for all rotated among members

All important afternoon chat in the shade.



of the party. I provided the accompanying cabbage salad, with variations each day. Cabbage can last awhile without refrigeration so it's the practical choice for such an outing. Unaccustomed to the heat and exertion of a day of rowing, I was exhausted and retired early.

Day 3: Distances are deceiving in the western desert. Hal and I sometimes traveled separately from the rest of the group and agreed to be a team and stay in contact with each other for safety reasons. What sounds simple turned out to be difficult, as we repeatedly lost track of each other because our boats faded out of view in the vast lake and landscape. The whole party made steady progress and, with considerable effort, reached our third camp on Good Hope Bay.

I was hoping to use our scheduled lay day to leave my camping gear and rowing rig ashore and rig the canoe for some sailing. Instead of a lay day, however, someone listened to the radio for the marine weather forecast and our plan changed. High winds were expected for the next day, and perhaps multiple days, which would be potential headwinds for our return trip. It doesn't take much of a headwind to make paddling a losing proposition. We decided to head back the following morning, allowing three days for our return should that become necessary. While high winds can come any time, they tend to build in the afternoons, making mornings better for travel.



Ruby Gale (r), Kokopelli veteran since she was a preschooler, and her friend Anna (l), a first timer.

Day 4: The canyon walls that surround Lake Powell sometimes come to the water's edge, meaning that suitable campsites can be a challenge to find, particularly

Tom Gale's sloop was our "Mother Ship."



for a party of 12. When the main channel of the lake has no campsites to offer, side canyons may have better options. This day the main channel passed through five miles of steep, meandering canyon with no side canyons, no campsites and no refuge should the wind get strong. The prevailing breeze was from the south but no matter which direction the channel turned, the wind was always "on the nose." Fortunately the breeze remained moderate. We put the sheer canyon section behind us and turned off the main channel into Cedar Canyon for a lunch stop and some shade. The heat, the wind forecast and the attractive location turned our lunch stop into an overnight campsite.

In contrast with past Kokopelli's scheduled to coincide with the full moon, this Kokopelli ended up, unintentionally, during a week of no moon. Instead of dramatic moonlight on the canyon walls and the lake surface, these were utterly black at night. The stars were especially bright, however, in the high, dry desert air, far from city lights. It was a different Kokopelli experience, based on the phase of the moon.

Day 5: We continued our return trip and the headwinds arrived as forecast, moderate at first but enough to make progress slow, so we reluctantly made camp early in the day, hoping for a better day tomorrow. The wind continued to build, generating whitecaps on the lake, making clear that it was the correct decision. I was not happy because my scheduled trip home now appeared in jeopardy.

Then something unexpected happened. With nothing else to do for awhile, I put on hiking shoes instead of my usual sandals and went for a walk up the canyon which emptied into the lake. After only a short distance I spotted something that didn't belong there, a kayak paddle standing upright on a rock outcropping, with a strip of cloth attached, waving in the breeze like a marker or beacon. I approached it for a closer look and heard a voice speaking to me from a rock shelter nearby. It was a guy who had been marooned there for about a week without food. He said he was paddling a kayak south, like us, and had come ashore, like us, to wait out a headwind. He walked up the canyon to explore and when he returned, his kayak was gone. We fed him and used the VHF radio to summon help, including Park Service rangers, to get him out via powerboat since we were windbound. Perhaps it's not fashionable to say such things anymore, but I feel certain that we were led to him by Divine Providence.



The motley crew, five days in.

The wind continued through the day and into the evening. We planned a pre dawn departure the next day on the theory that the wind would drop overnight. My boat was packed and ready to go, except for minimal overnight needs, no tent, for example. Having experienced sand blowing on me the previous night, I found a suitable, sand free spot to sleep on a soccer field sized dome of solid stone. Waking at midnight and then at 2:30am I found that the wind was still blowing. Waking again at 4:00am it was finally calm, a great relief.

Day 6: We arose in the dark, about 4:30am, with no hint of dawn yet in the east. I was determined to be the first away. I said my farewells to my companions about 5am with just enough light to get pointed down the middle of the lake, knowing that the light would be increasing by the minute. Rather than sticking together as usual, I was determined to be on the road home by mid day, so I struck out on my own.

The first part of the journey was a rare, straight, eight mile section of the lake which enabled me to steer a course, looking astern at the silhouette of rocky peaks against the pre dawn glow. Five days at the oars seemed to have toughened up my back a bit because the discomfort was gone. Instead of the expected ordeal, the early morning row was cool, peaceful and quiet, except for the gentle "thunk" of the oarlocks and splash of the blades. It was beautiful and inspiring. I rowed for about two hours before the sun finally cleared the canyon walls and put me back in the unwelcome heat again, by which time I was well out of sight of our group. Powerboat traffic reappeared and the magic spell was broken.

In another hour and a half I was unloading my gear at the launching beach just as most of Lake Powell was beginning to stir. Later in the day, on my homeward drive, I felt the fatigue of an early start and a near non-stop row of 15 miles, but at that moment all I felt was satisfaction at the close of another chapter in my unfinished book of Lake Powell experiences. Thanks again, Jim.

The Windy Koko

By Paul Cook, Las Cruces, NM

Chuck Leinweber invited me to join a group of folks at Lake Powell in June. This messabout has been going on for years and is commonly referred to as the Kokopelli cruise.



Paul and Cathy and some gear.

I planned on getting my Michalak designed shantyboat, *Shanteuse*, finished in time for the messabout but was unable to complete it by then. So I purchased a canoe a couple of weeks before the trip and my daughter Cathy joined me for the adventure. I was nervous about the trip as I had not paddled a canoe in years, and that only for a brief hour on a secluded creek. Capsizing the canoe during the trip was my biggest concern, but we never did.

We met the Leinwebers on Hobie Cat Beach Sunday afternoon. Several of the folks attending were still hours out so we opted to go ahead and launch and let the others catch up with us later. We didn't travel far that first day so it didn't seem to be a problem for the late-comers. That first night we set up camp in the Stanton Creek area. Cathy and I provided the meal for the first night, chili beans made with ground chicken. People kept arriving at different times throughout the evening so it took a while for everyone to get done with supper. Since we didn't travel far the first part of the trip seemed easy. But we made up for it later.



Dry bags, a blessing and a curse.

The second day brought us close to Forgotten Canyon. Tom Gale brought four teenagers in an 18' sailboat with a small motor on the back. As we were paddling along he cruised on ahead to scout for good camping spots. This was the norm for the trip. Finding a spot that second night proved difficult though, all the good spots were taken by houseboats. We spent a lot of time just sitting in our boats in the shade close to the canyon wall. Someone joked that it was like we were in Waterworld (<http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0114898/>) because we couldn't get out of our boats. Eventually we found a small area

where we could get out and stretch our legs while Tom continued searching for a good camping spot for the night.

In my correspondence with Chuck about Lake Powell, he frequently mentioned that it was not a good lake to go sailing on. Tom Gale sailed in that first evening. In fact, the sailing was so good that he opted for a late supper to get in more sailing. As things turned out, Tom got to do a lot of sailing during this trip. He also brought a small sailboat and a double kayak, which the teenagers sailed and paddled around at various times during the trip. After we made camp, Tom sometimes took the little sailboat out for a while. He did have to run his outboard on the bigger sailboat to get where he was going for part of the trip. The group normally does this trip in September and there is usually not much wind that time of year (or so I'm told).

June is probably not the best time to camp at Lake Powell. With temperatures above 100° during the day, the sand and rocks are storing up heat in the day and releasing it at night. When I was trying to sleep at night I could feel the heat radiating from the ground. I did notice that the Leinweber's son Joe stretched out on a cot at night, placing him a good distance off of the ground. I have a feeling he slept much cooler than I did, but there was no way that I had room for a cot in our canoe, even if I had thought to bring one. The canoe felt overloaded as it was.

The scenery was incredible. After hiking around I discovered that there were different levels of campsites. As the water levels change over the years, people camp at higher or lower elevations accordingly. Some of the upper levels had amazing views and probably would have been better camping spots, except it would have been hard to haul all our equipment up and down the rocks to get there. I didn't see any big trees around, but in some of the places we camped we came across giant logs left from old dead cottonwoods. Looking out over the lake from higher up brought a feeling of serenity and the view of the stars at night was breathtaking. It's been a long time since I've been anywhere remote enough to get that kind of view.

While my daughter and I never capsized our canoe, we had a couple of close calls as some of the big houseboats went by. They threw some large wakes and a couple of times we took waves over the side of the canoe. Several times we got sideways to the wakes and the canoe rocked vigorously back and forth. Sometimes I held my breath until the wakes died down.

On the third day we arrived at Good Hope Bay. This was one of the longest days on the water, and though we developed a rhythm for our paddling, by this point my arms got really tired and they were sore before the day was over. Good Hope was the turnaround point for our trip. The last long stretch we paddled through before turning the corner into Good Hope seemed like it would never end. By the time we arrived I was ready to get out and stretch my legs. We were all tired. I don't think anybody in our group wanted to spend more time looking for a camping spot that evening. The spot we picked wasn't necessarily the best one, but it did come into shade much sooner than anywhere else we could have camped that night.

As the trip progressed sometimes Cathy and I kept up with the group really well, but other times it was a struggle as they appeared to be getting further away from us. That really annoyed me when I felt like we were working hard and the folks ahead of us seemed to be taking it easy. The rest of the group were seasoned paddlers and the narrower, more efficient lines of the kayaks made them faster. The Leinwebers brought their home built, Michalak designed kayaks. They seemed to have no trouble paddling off ahead of us with ease. I knew I shouldn't have eaten all those Oreos. It would also have helped if I hadn't piled so much stuff in our canoe when we packed. I could have saved a lot of weight if we had simply brought a water filter like everyone else, instead of lugging all those water bottles and a 7gal water container with us. Fortunately the canoe got lighter as we used most of the water by the end of the trip, but we still weren't as fast as everyone else.

Kim Apel had an open canoe, but it was a narrower design than ours (at least on the ends) and he had set it up with a sliding seat rowing rig. I'm not sure how long the oars were on his boat, but they seemed huge to me. I guess he was working at it but Kim seemed able to make his canoe do whatever he wanted with little effort. He appeared to mysteriously get way ahead of others, or at least my daughter and I. Sometimes he would start off behind and then pass by without us noticing. It threw me a couple of times as I couldn't figure out when he passed by. It was not uncommon to catch up to him having a nap in his canoe in the shade. With those outriggers mounted on the sides to support the long oars I would have been banging into everything around me. He drew the oars back in an easy, fluid motion with the oars just above the water. It was like watching a ballet.

One thing we came to appreciate very much while on this trip was shade. Both Kim and Chuck had shade sails that could be set

up with some poles. Even a little shade was a welcome luxury in the hot sun. The wind didn't always cooperate with us when we were trying to get the shade set up. Sometimes it took several of us to hang onto lines and poles while others would drive in the stakes and tension the lines. This frequently involved bringing big rocks over to hold down the lines. It didn't take long after they were set up for several of us to be underneath them, trying to get out of the sun. The Leinwebers also brought umbrellas with them which they frequently opened up while they were paddling along. I was kicking myself for not thinking far enough ahead to bring umbrellas for my daughter and I. Of course, I'm not sure where we would have packed them on the canoe.

Hal Link had a very nice kayak. It looked designed for speed and I think it was made from Kevlar. He also seemed able to zip off to places with little effort. Hal tried out Kim's canoe with the sliding seat rowing rig one afternoon. While he was not as smooth as Kim, he seemed to quickly pick up the knack for it. He practiced rolling his kayak while we were at Good Hope. That looked extremely difficult to me. Some of us stood on the shore and laughed at him while he practiced the rolls, but I have a great deal of respect for anyone who can manage that, and he was successful at it. They would probably have to rescue me if I had tried it.

A note to those who wish to practice rolling their kayaks, always take your expensive chocolate out and put it someplace safe before you start practicing your rolls. Alternatively, once the chocolate has dried out it tastes just as good!

Hal broke out a sailing rig for his kayak while we were at Good Hope. He practiced some in the evening with it and then used it a few times the next day as well. Chuck got out his umbrella and raced Hal with his sailing rig. I'm not sure how much of a race it really was but Chuck gave Hal a hard time about beating his sailing rig with an umbrella. There were some very lively discussions about triangular sails vs balanced lugs. I don't think Chuck managed to convince Hal that a balanced lug was better, but the arguments and good natured ribbing were entertaining.

Wednesday night we camped in Cedar Canyon. I loved camping in Cedar Canyon and the geography of the rock walls. On the beach there were several levels to climb up and look around with some panoramic views. In the evenings, most of us took the opportunity to get in the lake and cool off. The temperature difference was quite a shock to the system, but it felt so good. The only downside to camping there (and it was a big one)

was the surprising amount of motorboat traffic coming through. That did drop off in the evening though.

When we left Cedar Canyon, heading back toward Bullfrog on Thursday morning, there was a wind advisory out predicting 50mph winds. Unfortunately we didn't get moving very fast until after breakfast. Tom made us all pancakes that morning and we savored every morsel. Thank you, Tom, they were delicious! Of all mornings to be lollygagging around though, this was the worst one we could have picked. After breakfast everyone realized that we needed to get moving so we could try to beat the wind to our next stop.

Concerned about the potential effect of the predicted winds, our fellow travelers finally mentioned that maybe Cathy and I could improve our paddling strokes (or maybe it was just me that needed to make the improvement). It would have been nice if they had mentioned this earlier in the trip, but I think they were worried about hurting my ego, a needless worry as I knew I was clueless. All this time I had been making big splashes with my paddling, very inefficient. They wanted to make sure we were as efficient as possible with the approaching high winds.

After receiving some coaching on the proper technique from Hal, our paddling efficiency improved a great deal. Kim also demonstrated some other paddling strokes to keep our canoe tracking better. I have to confess I didn't do very well with those and will need more practice to utilize them effectively. Sometimes I'm a little slow at learning new things.

When it was time to leave, everyone packed up quickly. The others were more efficient than I was and they were away while we were still trying to get everything stuffed into our canoe. I think the knowledge that high winds were coming gave us an extra burst of adrenaline that morning though, because it didn't take long for us to start catching up. Part of the group would fall back occasionally to make sure we were doing okay.

We paddled for all we were worth that morning. Eventually the wind kicked up and kept getting worse. After a time the group decided it was best to pull in and wait for the following morning to proceed. The spot we pulled into was not the best, but we didn't have any other options.

Kim went hiking up over the hill and found a gentleman who was stranded there for several days when his kayak disappeared. The man had rocked in part of a low overhang to turn it into a shelter, out of the relentless heat of the sun. After getting him some food and water, Kim led him back over the hill to

Hal with kayak and improvised sail.



Joe Leinweber in a Michalak plywood kayak.



the beach side where some folks picked him up to meet up with the National Park Service. We heard they got him back to his car in Hite. I'm not sure why he was unable to flag someone else down to help him before we showed up. I'm just glad Kim found him and we were able to get him some help. VHF radios are most helpful in these situations. I don't have one, but fortunately others did.

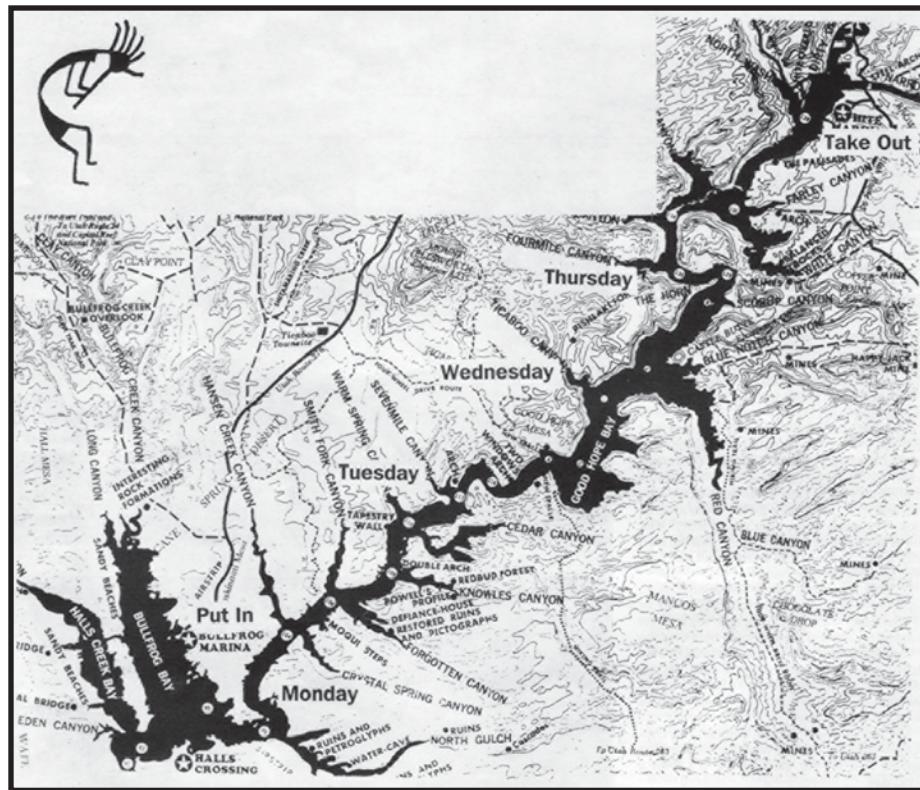
Friday morning we got up around 4:00am or 4:30am. Everyone was set to go very quickly. We wanted to make it back to Bullfrog before the winds kicked up again. There was no wind when we got up. Everything was calm. As we paddled in that hour when it's almost light but the sun hasn't come up yet, no one spoke. We were in another world. The only sounds we heard were water dripping off of our paddles and the lake gently lapping at the canyon walls. I felt if anyone were to speak it would break the magic of that special time as we were all moving through the surreal moment of Lake Powell. It was like being in a dream that I didn't want to wake up from.

Unfortunately there were some other kayakers who camped in the vicinity and departed around the same time we did. Apparently they didn't understand the need for quiet with the rest of us because they began talking and their voices echoed off of the rock walls. I guess the magic couldn't last forever.

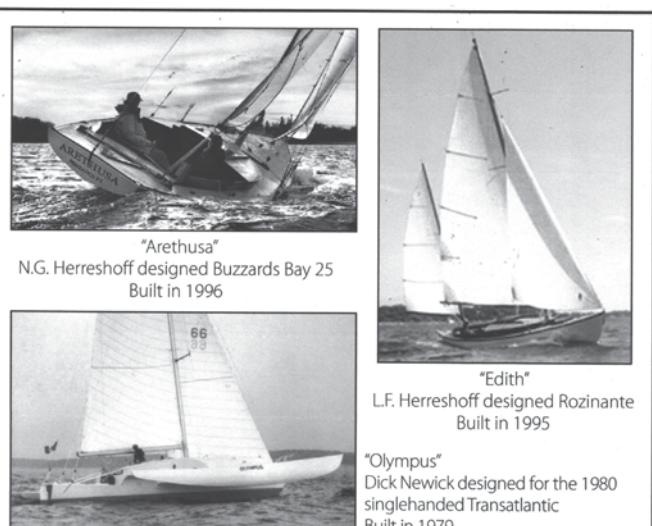
We made it back to Hobie Cat Beach without incident and then came the hard work of getting the boats unloaded, everything repacked in the vehicles and the boats mounted on trailers or, in our case, on an overhead rack. We were lucky having everyone there with us to help get our canoe out, cleaned off and loaded. This would have been very difficult with just my daughter and I.

The best part about getting back was being able to take a hot shower. Even though we showered before traveling very far in our truck, we had to air out the truck after we got home. The rope, cargo straps and lines didn't smell very good after being out on the lake all that time. We had to hose off all of our equipment and hang it out to dry in the back yard when we got home.

The evening we got back, everyone got together for one last meal at the Anasazi Restaurant at the Lodge. It was a wonderful meal and we had a lot of fun talking about our journey on the lake. There was a lot of laughter, toasts and storytelling going on. We had some incredible meals on the lake, a great adventure, campfires with discussions



of Kokopelli's past and other life stories, remembrances of those who have paddled on before, awesome views of the stars and a lot of quality time spent with good people. I don't think anyone got hurt, with the exception of some sunburns, and we all had a good time. What more can you ask for? I certainly hope to go back again.



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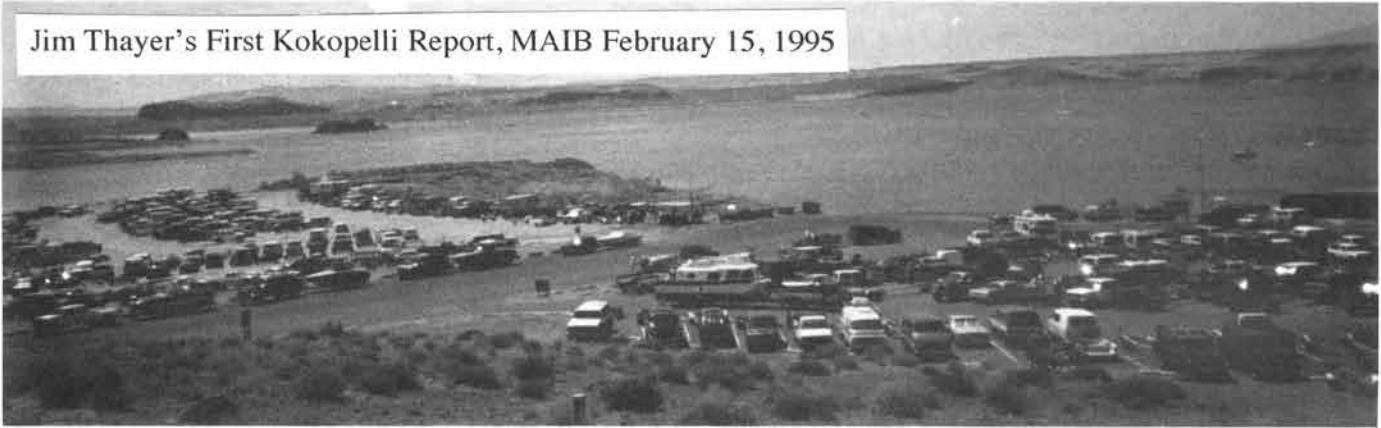
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The Kokapelli Meet

By Jim Thayer

I can't say that I was disappointed with the crowd, since I constituted the whole of it. It would have been nice to have seen some other faces however. Since I was the only participant I suppose it devolves upon me to file the report.

What with one thing and another I never got away 'til Saturday noon. Pulling into Bullfrog at 5, I checked around to see if there was anything like a real sailboat in the place. A MacGregor 26 had just hauled out and over in the campground there were a couple of sailboards on a cartop and a 12 footer on a trailer. They didn't look like any of our gang. The campground had a number of attractive shady sites vacant so I opted to flake out and rest up from the rigors of the road. Eight and a half bucks and showers extra money down the road. A little steep but fair enough considering that otherwise the place is free.

Sunday: A day of rest. I laid around camp alternately reading and staring vacantly at the scene, with a short interval devoted to watching a lizard dig a hole, which, after much effort he abandoned. Mostly, I was just getting my money's worth.

Then, with a double priced bag of ice in the cooler, I headed for the primitive camp at the north end of the bay. I figured the southern unit was a good bet since the

info lady at the vc had been warning people away because of the sand. Well, no problem if you keep your speed up. We had a nice little cove all to ourselves with a snappy onshore breeze.

I took my time unloading and had a leisurely lunch. By the time I got the Limpet rigged the wind had dropped considerably but there was enough to beat slowly out of the cove. However, it soon fell nearly flat calm so I drifted back to the beach to engage in another favorite Lake Powell pastime, just lying half submerged in the water.

In time I was aroused by wave activity at the sensitive air water interface. Wind out of the NE. We beat up to the next long bay and then reached up to its head. We were coming back and going gangbusters when there was a loud crack and my hat went by the board. The boom had broken. Luckily we had steerage way off the wind to recover the hat.

We cleared the first point just blowing along but we needed help for the next one. I got hold of the clew and we started making a course to clear the rocks. There was a big belly in the sail and it was impossible to get it tight so we had a lot of heeling moment. There was no way to sit out and there appeared to be great potential for getting wet. The sail got away a couple of times but we got enough drive to

clear the point and only missed our spot by a couple of boat lengths.

The break was a foot aft of the sheet block where the grain was less than perfect. The answer is heavier booms. This one was considerably heavier than the one I blew up at Keuka Lake. There is a good case to be made for aluminum booms since they don't fail catastrophically.

I took the Davis Turbometer to the top of a little hill and got consistent readings in the mid twenties with gusts into the low thirties. More wind than I really needed. I leaned up against the truck in the shade and zonked a few winks. When I straightened up the wind was much subdued and out of the east, right off the beach.

Hauling out a big ugly four-sided boom, I rigged up and blew away. We were just tooling along, soaking the rays, admiring the scenery and exclaiming over the glories of sailing. I was cutting between a point and an offlying rock when the board grounded. A williwaw came out of nowhere and we did a 360 in the blink of an eye. Lordy, deja vu all over again.

Beyond the point the wind was honking down the valley nearly as strong as before. The snorter was good and tight so I just feathered the sail and mooched along. Much less strain on the gear and the mind. Now that we had a rig we could trust we could relax and have some fun. Coming home the wind was right off the beach and very little room to tack. This is where a short boat with no skeg comes into her own. She's a neck-snapping tacker.

I could have gone sailing after supper but took a walk instead. High on a nearby hill, I could lay back, survey the scene and plan for the morrow.

Monday: A very leisurely breakfast produced only a flat calm. A second cup stirred some zephyrs out of the west. It's bound to pick up. Today was the day for a long exploration. Better mind the provisions. Four mealy apples (last of the crop), quarter jar of mildly rancid peanuts, small bag Country General free popcorn about a month old, but that's good because it looks like the sack has absorbed most of the nasty coconut oil. That and 12 liters of water should sustain life.

Top of the page: The crowd at Lake Powell. "They didn't look like any of our gang."

Left: Private launch at Farley Canyon.

The breeze was filling in and away we went, a mile maybe. Fry time. It was one of those days, blue ripples in the distance but they never come over here. The popcorn and apples were pretty good. Had a good beach soak, exposing some of the lily-white nether regions. A few weeks around here and I might be nicely browned all over. We finally got a little breeze to bring us home in style.

A boys' club had moved in next door and there were impressive cumulo nimbus building all around. Exit time. I loaded up, took a good bath and headed for a cool camp up in the Henrys. OK, I know, I should have tried turning some of the kids on to sailing.

Perched up on the side of Mt. Hillers, I could look down into Canyonlands and much of southeast Utah. Thirty miles to the SSW I could make out Bullfrog, and twenty miles east I could see a small piece of water near Hite, where we would be tomorrow. Incredible country!

Tuesday: Dawdled over breakfast, then crawled down a rather rough road to the highway and headed for Hite and a bag of ice. Dropping down the road into Farley canyon, just to check it out, we found a bunch of trailers and motorhomes. Thinking to give it a pass, I blundered down a sandy hill and into a good spot. Can I get out? Well, the thing to do is go sailing and worry about it tomorrow.

Backing down to launch, the Ford sank in deeper than I expected. The thing is so heavy that just stomping around doesn't give a good indication of ground support. I need a scientific instrument.

The wind was 6-8 with some up to 10. Just a nice breeze. The canyon is fairly straight and we got along with only a few tacks. There are no beaches and only a few stopping spots. I short tacked into one nice hidey hole and had a good soak. The water is colder up here and I barely got my bottom wet. The day has been mostly cloudy and the temperature pleasant.

I soon came to a large bay and concluded it was the main channel because of the number of buoys in sight. One canyon looks much like another here and the one I came out of had already disappeared. Better keep your wits about you here.

I reflected that long ago I had crossed the Colorado on an old Model A powered cable ferry, far below where I was now sailing. We had an ancient '33 Chevy that I had bought for \$45 just for the trip. A sign on the back said "Don't Pass, PUSH". I'm an old-timer for sure.

Evidently I had gotten into the lee of a large butte. The wind was here, there, and gone. I was quite some time getting back to my canyon where I was sure my good wind awaited. Sure enough it was on the job and just a little pushy for the one jibe run home. Seventeen minutes for something over two miles.

After supper the wind had moderated and I sailed around the lagoon under the noses of the poor power boaters who had been pounding the lake all day and now had to hover over their gas grills while keeping their drinks iced.

There was a great sunset. It's nearly ten o'clock and still light in the west, the longest day of the year. What's that? Something faint, musical, like a flute.

Wednesday: Backtracked five miles to get some ice. Such excursions are against my principles, but I rationalized it on the basis that I should call home base. White Canyon advised "No Boat Launch", a good omen. There were two washing machine cartons of firewood and not a camp in sight. I settled in for a good soak, which generated a jetski in a matter of minutes and eventually, a fitful wind. Well, it's bound to build. I had an early lunch and got on the water.

We started off great but not for long. Wanna buy a boat cheap, like for a cold drink? Actually, it's a fairly scenic canyon and I had plenty of time to anthropomorphize all the curious rocks. Four hours later I spotted the main channel and immediately put the helm up (up, down, who can tell?) and headed back.

Back in the narrow canyon I soon had a nice tail wind 'til I got to one corner where it disappeared. It eventually filled in from dead ahead. In the meantime I formulated the theory of negative and positive winds. When they meet they annihilate each other, leaving only still warm air. I lack the mathematics to develop this and it may not gain much currency outside the sailing community.

My boat, the magnificent and able Limpet, was originally built with a centerboard. I had knowingly put it quite far forward to gain cockpit space. It was fine in light air but developed a wicked weather helm in a blow. For this trip (essentially a R&D jaunt, remember) I had taken out the cb, plugged the pivot hole and stuck a daggerboard in the trunk. The board could be moved fore and aft and held in position with a spring clamp. The optimum position varies with wind speed, sail trim and boat loading. The problem was to decide on the best all-round position. With a power source, wind and level sensors, a load cell on the main sheet, and a servo motor, one could, no doubt, make the board self adjusting. Something to work on.

With a houseboat in the distance, I met two ladies on some sort of large floating mattress, just as a truly awesome blast

came along. I'm sure they thought my conveyance sheer madness, and, I in turn viewed theirs as a ticket to disaster. No doubt some power boat would come to rescue them. No life jackets I noted.

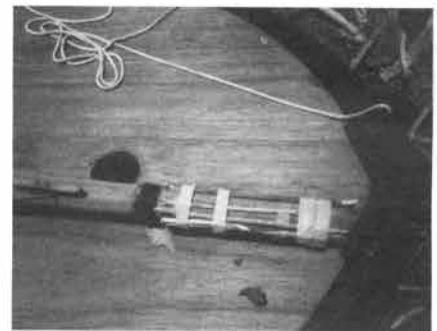
The last half mile was good steady high teen/low twenties which gave me a rousing good ride and a chance to play with the position of the board.

Big full moon tonight. The breeze blew quite warm 'til after dark, then turned cool and died. Me too.

Thursday: I took a long hike up the very scenic White Canyon, then headed for home via the Bears Ears, the Big Notch (white knuckle cliffhanger), and 150 miles of rough dirt which pinpointed the structural deficiencies in my rack.

I hope the foregoing gives you some feel for Lake Powell. It is a truly awesome and magnificent place. You can camp anywhere and with treatment, drink the water. True, it's quite warm in summer, but nights are pleasant. At times, in the large bays the powerboats can be as thick as jellyfish in the Chesapeake, and just as welcome.

At the St. Michaels meet I discussed optimum Kokopelli times with fellow peripatetic, Hugh Horton. I had favored something like the first full moon after the second weekend of September. Hugh, being a practical fellow, thought a definite date, like the autumnal equinox would be better. So that's it. See you at Bullfrog on Sept 23.



Above: Bushing a Pumpkin mast to fit the Limpet.

Below: The Farley Canyon hidey-hole, just the Limpet and the landscape.



What's Happened?

By Dan Rogers

At risk of descending into a curmudgeonly rant, I'm going to offer a rhetorical question. What's happened? I had a most unusual day yesterday. It started out, remarkably, with having a major launching ramp at a major "destination" lake all to myself for about an hour. I launched, rigged, loaded and got *Lady Bug* underway without anybody else doing similar. The sun had been up for several hours. And this is MID JULY. We've had a couple weeks of temps in the upper 80s and above. Granted, the forecast was for strong winds and possible rain. But still.

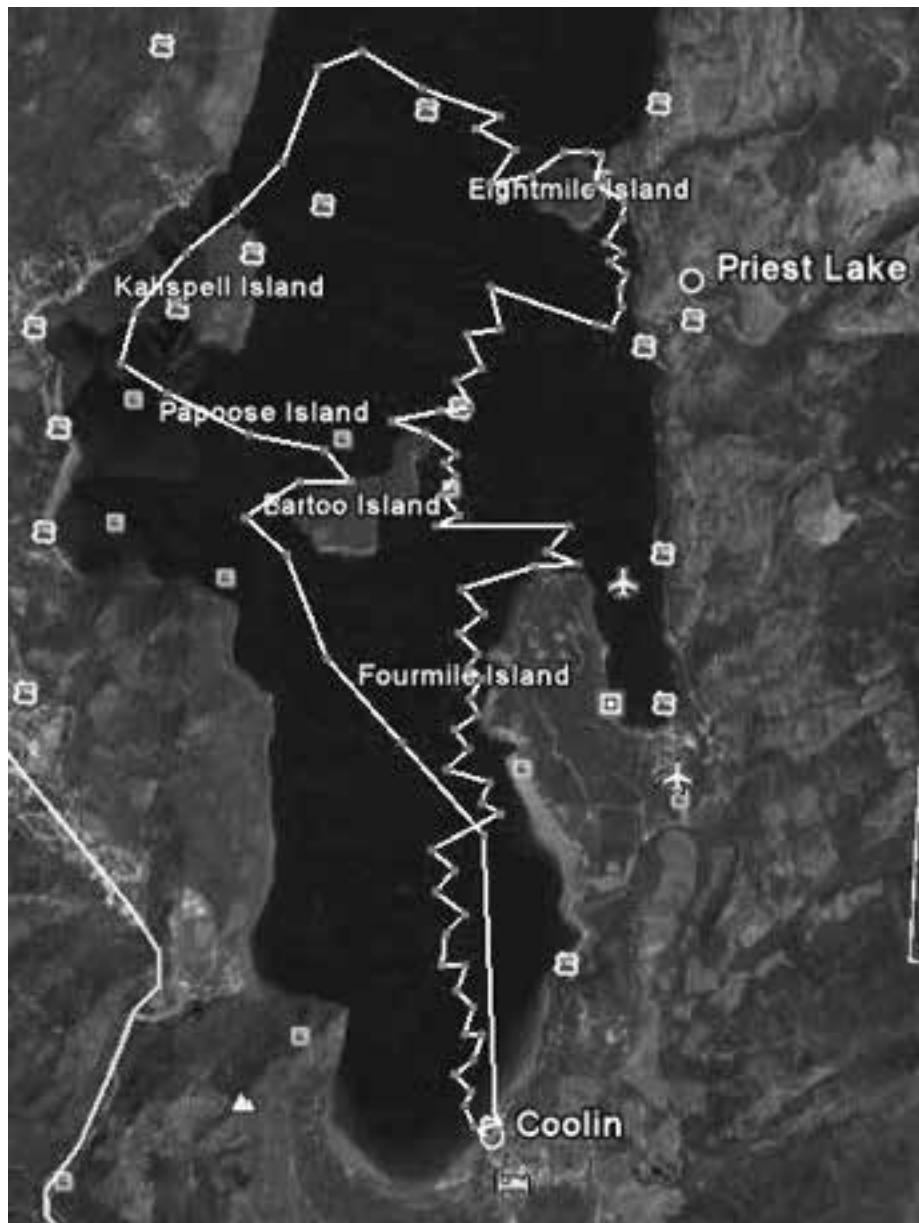
Well, there was this one guy who came in and tied up. I was fascinated by how his vintage Century Resorter dropped from plane and settled into an elegant "lope" as the modest V-8 thrummed a masculine note. Not strident, not shrieky. Just, well, masculine. And perfectly elegant. He even used proper cleat hitches to make her fast to the float. We discussed the passing of such craft from the scene for a bit. We agreed that the now long-gone designer had gotten the stem rake just right, the aft quarters perfectly matched, etc. Then he simply blew me away. He said, "I have the marina guy put it at my dock for me. I only come here two days a year so I like to have it waiting for me so I can use it for those two days." He may as well have been talking about a rented folding chair at a summer picnic.

So this renegade from the '60s is just an ornament at a fancy beach house. An "it." A "thing" that only gets to perform for her uninterested master a few hours a year. Well, phooey. A work of art. A piece of history. An incredibly well created vessel. Not an "it."

The day progressed about as the weather guys and gals had guessed it would. An easy reach turned into a rolling run and some dramatic gybes, as one to two footers grew into threes with white manes. A steady 15 knots began to box the compass and surge well into the 20s. I only got the pocket anemometer out once, and then only from a seated position in the cockpit, but some of those gusts were pushing 30. My original "plan" was to sail the length of Priest Lake. I tried that once before this year and was more or less defeated by an all afternoon mountain thunderstorm. But that was early spring. This is summer. Stuff like this doesn't last, or even happen at all. Anyhow, it was a glorious ride.

Cell phones don't work out there. But I had told Kate before leaving home that I might be home that night. Or maybe a day or two later. It all depended. So I was on an adventure and I pretty much had that big ol' lake to myself. The mission became one of discovering where the "harbors of refuge" might be in case of similar weather during our upcoming Movable Messabout in just about two months. Granted, this sort of blow doesn't happen all that often. In fact, since I first started coming to Priest Lake about 60 years ago, this was a "first" for me.

Lady Bug is short, heavy and kinda slow. An 1,800lb 16' pocket cruiser, ballast keel and essentially uncapsizable. I've finally gotten a decent reefing system working on the homebrew beach cat rig. Other than occasional leaps for the sky when crashing over a breaking sea, and my residual fears of loos-



ing the stick to a broken shroud or something like that, she was handling the situation with aplomb. In fact, other than a bit of spray over the bow, we didn't take a drop in the cockpit. Nothing much came unlodged from its perch in the cabin. The boat was doing famously. And the skipper was doing OK, too.

So we poked in behind several islands and along some protected shore areas. Many of the camping beaches were almost completely calm. Lots of places out there to hole up. Lots of places to stay put in the event of a dirty forecast. Lookin' good.

But back to my question. Throughout the day I passed a number of sailboats, all at moorings. Nobody out. I saw some Hobies and the like from a distance, people seem to leave them rigged and parked on the beach. But none of them out there in what would have been a glorious day for those little reaching rockets. The only boats out were those ubiquitous "ski boats." You know the ones, seating for 12, freeboard as high as the *Love Boat*. Drooping snouts and swim platforms the size of basketball courts. And blattting exhausts. Most of the ones that passed close aboard were packed with kids in life jackets. Kids and adults, just sort of sitting

there as the boat serenely crested each wave with minimal gyration, even at the average 30kt speed of advance. Really big boats here, 400 miles from any sort of open water.

OK. I was the smallest floating thing out there. Nobody on a Sunfish, pretending to be a destroyer in a typhoon. No kids, pretending to be voyageurs paddling a laden freighter across Lake Superior. Nope. The only ones out were sitting on color coordinated vinyl 3' or 4' from the water.

What's happened?



A Celebratory Loop Around the Island

When Nancy and I visited PEI this past February, we were truly impressed to see an island totally engulfed in ice: the 9-mile-wide Northumberland Strait, as well as the entire North Shore, the usually wide-open Gulf of St. Lawrence, were frozen shut as far as the eye could see. All bays and harbors were iced in, no boat in sight, except on land, waiting for Spring to come.

It had been an historic winter, with record snowfalls as well as record low temperatures. But thanks to the new (1997) bridge, the island was functioning just fine, except for the fact that there was only one seafood restaurant open on the entire island: the Claddagh Oyster House in Charlottetown. But we noticed that Charlottetown and the island were already gearing up for a big celebration a few months hence, the sesquicentennial (150 years) of the Charlottetown Conference of 1864, which led to the eventual formation of Canada.

It looked like a real big deal with lots of festivities, and I thought to myself: "Wouldn't it be nice to be part of it, like paddling a celebratory loop around the island, once the ice thaws." I had canoeed around the entire island before, in stages, finishing my last 3-day stint at North Cape (where I had started) in the year 2000. "About 400 miles around – I can still do that," I thought confidently. "I know and love this place like a real old friend."

Towards Seacow Head Light

So, come June, a few days before Father's Day, Nancy and I were off for Charlottetown, where my trip was to start and end. The newly painted North River lighthouse is such a significant place, just a tad north of Victoria Park and the Governor's Mansion, where the Conference took place. I knew there even was a small lane right down to the water's edge for an easy put-in/take-out. The ice was gone, and spirits were high, as I pushed off, just as a big cruise ship entered the inner harbor through the outer gap at Fort Amherst/Port-la-Joye.

North River Light put-in.

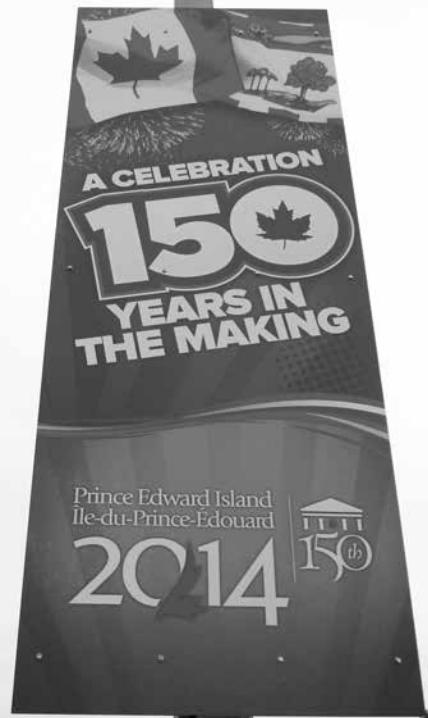


Around Prince Edward Island, Canada

Or: Knowing When To Bail Out

By Reinhard Zollitsch
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The big party.

Nancy watched through field glasses as my little Verlen Kruger solo sea canoe disappeared, turning right for a clockwise circumnavigation of the island province. I had set myself a daily goal of 20 miles, which I maintained all the way to the most western end of the island, West Point.

My first night out I camped on a thin strip of sand at Black Head, with the ubiquitous steep red sandstone shore behind me. Day two provided some great views of the elegant 9-mile-long bridge, but the wind had picked up, and the tide was running hard around the many breakwaters of Borden Harbor, and under the bridge itself. I had wanted to touch one of the big "feet" of the bridge with my paddle, as I had done on my previous trip around the island, but I had enough to do to stay upright in the tidal chop and just to make it under the bridge.

First night out at tidal Black Point.



PEI bridge as seen from the island.

After a brief lunch stop in the lee of the approach ramp to the bridge on the NW side, I headed for the next big point, Seacow Head Light. Over the years I had learned that points are best rounded in the early morning calm, and not in the much windier afternoon. There was a lovely sandy beach in the bight before the lighthouse. No private houses anywhere, but the beach was shoaling and running dry fast. I had to get out in a hurry and hope that the morning flood tide would pick me up from my beach abode – which it did.

The lighthouse itself is very picturesque, sitting on a spectacular bluff of red sandstone. I had to take a picture or two, which is always a big deal: set up the boat in the right spot for the perfect shot, take off my paddling gloves, finagle my day pouch (with sunscreen, glasses, granola bar, bug net and camera) out of the netted shelf below the spray skirt and deck beside my left knee, open the pouch zipper, get the camera out of its zip-lock bag and case, turn on the camera, and, if I am still in the perfect spot, shoot! After that, I do the same, only in reverse – so you see, taking a picture is always a big deal.



Seacow Head lighthouse.



Towards Cape Egmont

The morning was overcast, the wind very light, and I made good progress to the long Summerside breakwater and from there almost due west towards Cape Egmont, my next significant point. But since I did not find a suitable beach for my tent before the cape, I rounded it and ducked into Cape Egmont Harbor. It had a very protected boat ramp, which made taking out and putting in the next morning easy. Since the lobster season had not started along the western half of PEI, there was only one boat in the harbor. Most boats, I learned, were fishing for mackerel along the North Shore. So I carried my gear up the ramp and pitched my tent just a tad to the side. I had a great view of the lighthouse and enjoyed a splendid sunset. Life was good, I thought to myself.



Cape Egmont lighthouse.

The weather report that night, though, predicted strong winds and rain for the next couple of days. How bad can it be, I wondered. I had paddled around the outside of Nova Scotia and even up the western shore of Newfoundland. In all my literally thousands of ocean miles, I can count the wind days on one hand. OK, I had occasionally been forced to cut my daily goals short, but not very often.

Towards West Point

Next morning started gray, and the sky was dark with rain. I donned my Gore-Tex rain suit and even my wide-brimmed rain hat. And as I pushed off, the rains already began to come down. The easterly winds made me hug shore as I headed north, deep into Egmont Bay, so I would not be blown out to sea.

I was very apprehensive about the many-miles-long sandbars off Maximeville, where I had found miles and miles of impenetrable surf the two years I paddled by here (finishing one stint one year and starting my last stint to North Cape the next, in 2000). The tide was still calm this morning, and all went well all the way up Egmont Bay to Percival River. At that point the wind had shifted to the southeast, and I felt OK taking a short-cut across the bay. With the wind from behind now, a 3-mile crossing to Grande Dique Point should not be too bad.

The first mile was fun. Then the rain let loose, and the wind increased significantly, forming big breaking rollers in no time. During the last mile of my crossing I was drenched in sweat, paddling as hard as I could, occasionally bracing right and left, watching the waves like a hawk, as they tried to pass me from behind. I knew I was committed and had to fight it out, which I did, but I cursed my decision and promised myself never to short-cut anything wider than a mile, in strong winds and tide.

The wind increased even more as I followed the shore towards Brae Harbour, where I was blown behind several long barrier sand-spit islands towards West Point. Even in these more sheltered waters, the waves were breaking fiercely, and the tops were flying off. I went deeper and deeper behind the long, low sand-spit islands, till I finally ran out of water and had to pull out. To my surprise, big Egmont Bay was only 30° to the left of that last sand-spit. Great, I thought. I can pitch my tent amongst the dune grass here, and when the wind calms down, I can put in on the bay side - no backtracking necessary, to get out from behind those barrier islands.

Setting up my tent in that wind was challenging, but I had done it many times before: weigh down the limp tent with all gear before inserting and erecting the pole-frame. I also left one heavy 10-liter water bottle and one heavy food crate in the boat so it would not fly away. And I always tie it up for the night. Since there were no trees or heavy rocks around, I tied my boat to my tent frame.

Towards Hypothermia

I was wet with perspiration from paddling so hard in my Gore-Tex suit, as well as wet from the driving rain. But I got into my tent fine, dried off, got into my polypropylene long underwear, wool socks and watch cap, and crawled into my sleeping bag. It was also getting noticeably colder. My tent was whacking violently in the strong gusty wind, threatening to self-destruct. According to my weather report, it was blowing 30 knots, with higher gusts, and it sounded as if it would continue to do so for 48 more hours. I tried to ignore it, while I started my propane stove beside me in my tent and enjoyed a cup of coffee, followed by a cup of cocoa.

Supper was fine also, but rain was beginning to force its way through the zippers along doors and windows, creating a fine mist in my tent, which inevitably settled on top of my sleeping bag. Then the drips started, which I initially tried to catch in my cooking pot, dish, sponge and towel. But before long, practically everything was

Hunkered down for 48 hours.



wet: my socks, my polys, my sleeping bag, and the rain water was pooling around my Thermarest mattress. It felt like riding a surfboard. I finally got out my aluminum-lined survival blanket, covering everything in my tent, and tried to fall asleep.

A Father's Day Not to Remember

Morning could not come soon enough, as I was wet, cold and stiff. My thermometer showed temperatures in the 40°s, and my morale also was at a new low. The condensate, which had formed on the underside of the aluminum blanket, had made things even worse. The alu-blanket had kept me somewhat warmer, but also got me much wetter. All night I was afraid my rain fly would be ripped off and my tent reduced to a shredded tarp. Not a promising, uplifting picture.

And then it dawned on me: this is Father's Day. Hurray! But I had nothing to cheer about. The rain continued all day; so did the gusty wind. I was pinned down on that thin sand-spit, being hit from all sides, while the waves were crashing on the Egmont Bay side of my sandy perch. This was so different from my six earlier stints around the island, which were all done around Father's Day and left me with many very positive memories. (See my article "A Father's Day Special" on my website, www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com)

I made it through the long day, though, huddled in my tent, and the following night also; the bad weather never let up. That night I just told Nancy, on our brief pre-arranged call via satellite phone, that I had not moved an inch, but was OK, even though wet and cold. I then tried to cheer myself up with positive thoughts and recalling happy events of fatherhood, having raised four kids, but as it is in every family, numerous low points also popped up, which did not help lift my spirits at all. Even reading yet another Clive Cussler adventure story did not do it. I was fading fast.

Needless to say, I had a miserable night. I do not think I slept at all. I was too busy shivering from the wet and cold and being pounded into submission by the relentless, aggressively gusty wind. By 7am Atlantic time (6am EST/Maine time), on the third day of this ordeal, however, I finally pulled myself together and decided the trip was over. I felt hypothermia creeping up my legs and sides and beginning to dull my senses. I had read enough about hypothermia and heard nasty, downright dangerous accounts from paddling friends, so that I decided to make a good decision while I still could. 48 hours of that torrential rain, storm winds and continuous cold (below 50° F.) were all my body and mind could tolerate.

The Bail-Out

The weather report for the next couple of days was also not very encouraging: more strong winds, now from the north, veering to the northwest, exactly my direction of travel. The rain had stopped for a brief moment, but the strong wind warning was still up, as was the small craft advisory, of course.

From my previous rounding of the western edge of PEI I remember writing: "Round this corner only in the best of weather, especially North Cape with its mile-long bar extending NW into the Gulf of St. Lawrence." In a brief 3-minute call I told Nancy that I had decided to paddle the remaining 6 miles to West Point Harbor, leave my boat there and walk the mile to the lighthouse, which, we had both read, had an inn connected to it, where I could dry off and warm up. Nancy agreed 100% with my decision – what a sweetheart! As a matter of fact, she even offered to pick me up "today!" and to try to be there by nightfall, after the long drive from Orono, Maine.

I suddenly felt very relieved to have made the decision and to have talked to Nancy, and I felt somehow re-energized by her support. I quickly rolled up my wet sleeping bag, packed all my gear back into my waterproof bags (most of it never made it out), loaded my boat, climbed in and pushed off. At that moment, things felt right again.



Finally leaving for West Point.

West Point lighthouse.

The wind had already veered to the north, which meant it was an offshore breeze, at about 20 knots or so, with higher gusts as before. I crabbed my way to the west (i.e. steering NW, while actually going west with the strong northerly), making sure I would not get blown too far out into the bay. Almost two hours later I entered the harbor of West Point, pulled out at the boat ramp and secured everything. Except for two fishing boats, the harbor was empty, especially the pleasure boat slips. I figured my boat and gear should be safe till later that afternoon when I could pick it up.



West Point Harbor: end of trip.

I walked the mile to the lighthouse, got a nice room with a view of the ocean, took a hot shower, had a couple of cups of hot coffee, and soon began to feel a lot better. I even found a helpful person with a car, who car-shuttled me back to my boat, so I could pick up some of my essential gear, especially my electronics and a change of dry clothes. I had a granola bar for lunch, since the inn did not have a dining room. I then walked the beach, took some pictures and watched the Canadian TV coverage of the World Cup soccer matches in Brazil. Life was good again.

I estimated Nancy's time of arrival to be 7:30pm PEI time. So I hopefully walked out

to the parking lot looking for our white VW Passat to arrive – and there she came, 3 minutes early. What a girl! (By the way, we just celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary!). We turned right around to pick up my boat and gear at the harbor ramp. Everything was exactly as I had left it. Then life was lovely in the inn. Nancy's PB&J sandwiches for supper never tasted better.

Lessons Learned

Well, the weather stayed dry the following day as we drove to the North Shore at Cavendish, our favorite stretch of the island. We eventually ended up in Charlottetown, as I had originally planned, even though by car and not in my trusty Verlen Kruger solo sea canoe. Ah well! But I was proud of myself for knowing when to quit. This was extremely rare in all my many trips, and not easy for me. But hypothermia is nothing to ignore. It can have dire consequences. Please remember that also, my paddling friends out there!

Steamed mussels and a large glass of Guinness at the Claddagh Oyster House and Irish Pub in Charlottetown tasted almost as good as they did at the beginning of this trip. So you see, all's well that ends well!

PS: After returning to Maine, I followed the weather reports for PEI. It's a fact: people there had not only one of the fiercest winters on record, but also one of the worst Junes: lots of rain, cold temperatures and strong, gusty winds, mostly northerlies. That would have been very challenging for my trip, had I somehow continued, or it would have necessitated many more wind/rain days ashore, something I do not really enjoy. So it seemed I did not really miss anything glorious in this year's harsh June weather window. In retrospect, I still believe it was a good decision to stop my trip in West Point Harbor, after only 86 miles... but to be honest, I am still quite disappointed.



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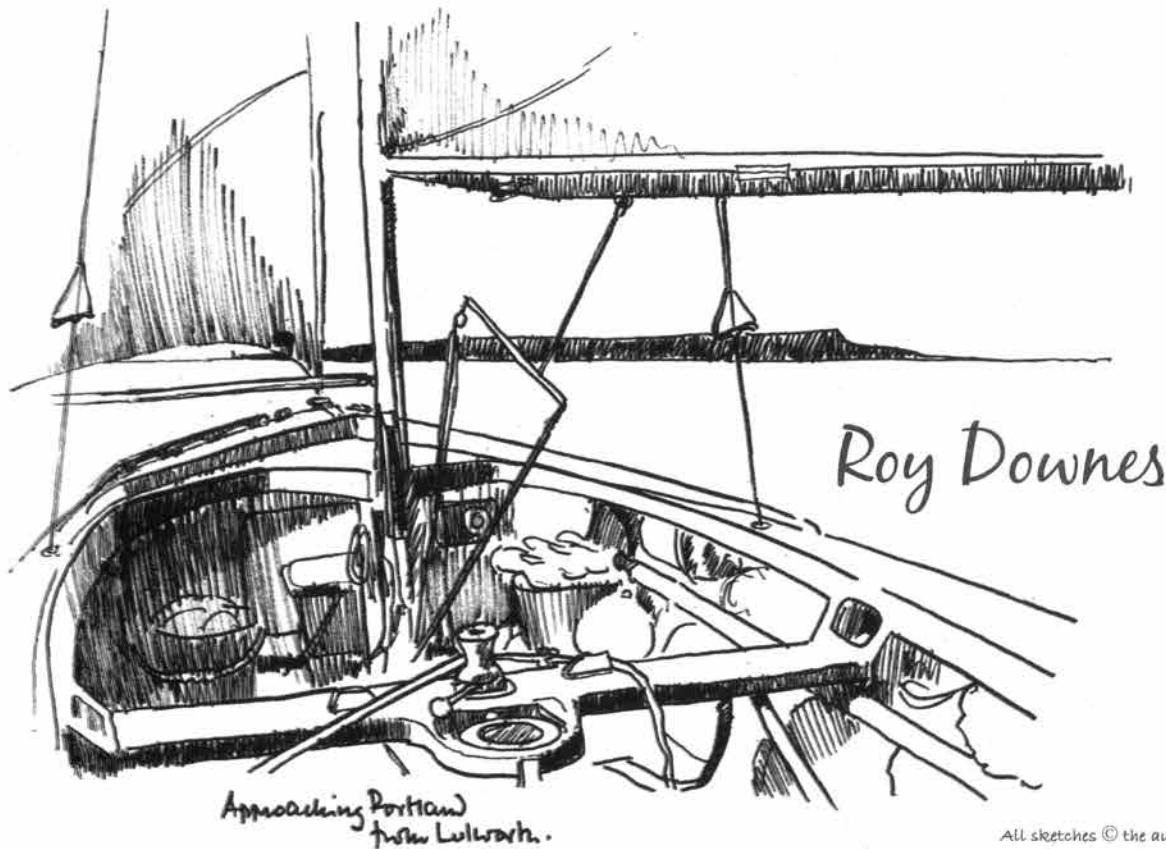
Grand Skiff 16

Beam: 6'-3"

1,600 lb. weight capacity

Passage West

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*
Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK



All sketches © the author

One or two decades ago National18 *Surprise* was built by her owner from a bare glass hull. At first she sported conventional racing and cruising Bermudan sloop sails, not the powerful cat yawl rig you saw on the cover of DC219. Roy Downes and Janet Ladd had not yet married and they raced and cruised *Surprise* on the South Coast. After accumulating wide experience in the boat, they undertook a lengthy cruise from Leigh-on-the-Solent to Helford — and back. Exactly when this was accomplished I leave you to consider: reference to a Royal Wedding and another to Crimplene™ clothing may provide useful clues.
(Roy published an early account of this cruise in *Yachts and Yachting*.)

‘YOU'RE MAD', friends and family opined as we prepared *Surprise* for the summer cruise. 'Why not trail down and enjoy the whole holiday on the Helford?' More ghoulish acquaintances persisted, 'But it might BLOW — then what will you do?'

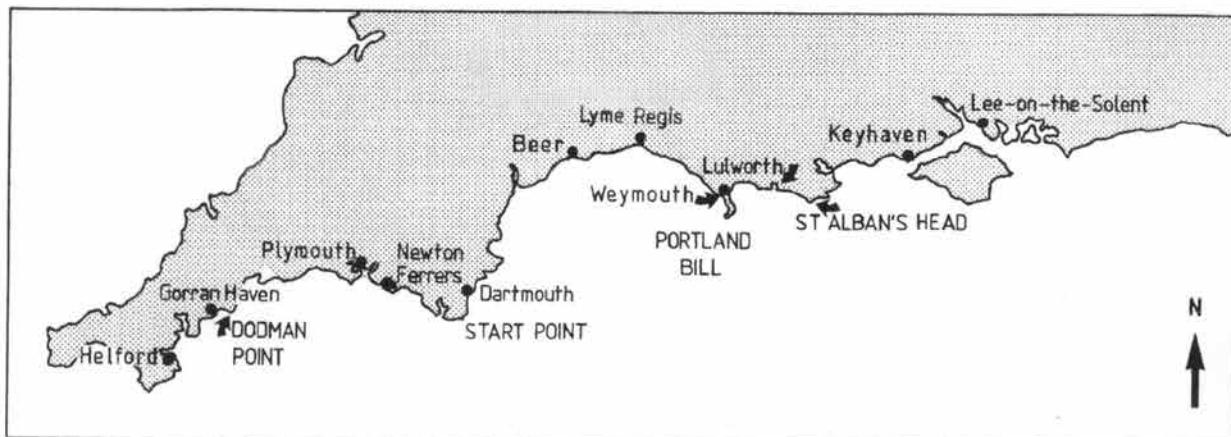
On paper the answer is simple: do not get caught out. In practice it is less simple. At least we could ensure that the boat and every single item of gear was fit for the task — nothing should break and nothing would break. More difficult to apply the same criteria to skipper and crew.

Surprise is a glassfibre National Eighteen with wood decks. Positive buoyancy is built into the hull, ensuring flotation even if the hull is damaged. The total sail area is 190ft² and, as sail changes must be made under way, the boat features some unusual fittings for a dinghy. The gear, developed over eight years of cruising, is simple and unsophisticated by modern racing standards but it all works and nothing breaks. For us there is no handy rescue boat — we simply cannot risk any failure or breakage.

Ashore, Janet supervised the final victualling and the organisation of gear and clothes

for the trip. It is a fact that two adults cruising for a fortnight in an 18ft open dinghy require precisely the same amount of clothing, gear and food as two adults in a 30-footer. Somehow we managed to stow it all: our packing would have won praise from the Tokyo Metro guards.

The splendid weather, by appointment for the Royal Wedding, was gradually slipping away as we set off on July 31st. The lunchtime forecast was not optimistic — variables and rain — and the Needles Coastguard accepted the news of our impending departure



with equanimity. Two hours later *Surprise* was drifting off the Beaulieu River — becalmed. We rowed clear of the deep water channel. How far to Cornwall?

Amazingly for a Friday afternoon there was only one other boat in sight, a cruiser with her spinnaker collapsed. She soon started her engine and we gratefully shipped the oars and accepted a tow to Lymington. There we bade them farewell and stood on for Keyhaven. A mile south of Jack in the Basket the rain descended and so much water cascaded off the sails the bilges filled rapidly. Rowing through the monsoon making 1½ knots forward against half-a-knot head stream was just enough to slide us into Keyhaven to anchor in the lagoon behind the shingle spit before the weight of the ebb swirled us out.

Never in years of cruising had the tent gone up on such a wet boat. We mopped up, shed our oilies and unrolled the foam sleeping mats — little blue islands of dryness in a sodden boat. We raised our spirits immeasurably with a good hot meal and a bottle of wine. First night out dinner is always one of the best.

The rigging thrummed and whined all night and rain battered the billowing tent. We collected the drips from the halyards in a mug lashed to the mast and a sail tier pegged to the rolled mainsail wicked its trapped moisture into the centreboard case.

As the rising tide lifted *Surprise* further and further above the protective shingle bank, the next morning, our apprehension

increased with our expanding view of The Solent. Immediately to windward of the spit a rescue boat plucked hapless crews from their capsized racing dinghies. Keyhaven entrance was a lee shore to a chill north-easter and we were due for a wet start to the day.

A run up river to clean and stow the 15lb CQR in controlled conditions, then we gybed, faced downstream, unrolled the working jib and headed *Surprise* into the boiling Solent. The spray soon found the vulnerable gap between sou'westers and oily jackets. Equally soon, the strong stream plucked us into the fast lane and out past Hurst. The reefed main proved inadequately small for a broad reach, so we shook out the reef and changed the working jib for the genoa.

Inshore along the North Channel the sea remained smooth but as our course took us seawards towards St Albans the swell increased. We sat comfortably on the bottomboards and bowled along on a dead run, with the genoa boomed out to weather. Closer to Swanage peninsula the swell became noticeably bigger. Careful steering was needed to prevent a gybe.

The sun came out when we were one mile southeast of Durlston. It was still a comfortable and leisurely sail but then quite suddenly the swell ceased to be a swell. We were running through a roaring mass of heavy breaking waves. The sea was chaotic without form or rhythm, just bursting and rearing all around. There was no possibility of gybing

clear nor could either of us go forward for the lifejackets, stowed by the mast, as we trimmed *Surprise* down by the stern. By every reckoning we were well clear of Peveril Race — our running fixes as we closed the headland had given reassuring on-course positions. In four earlier passages around this headland we had never experienced conditions like these and the effect was a bad jolt to our sense of security.

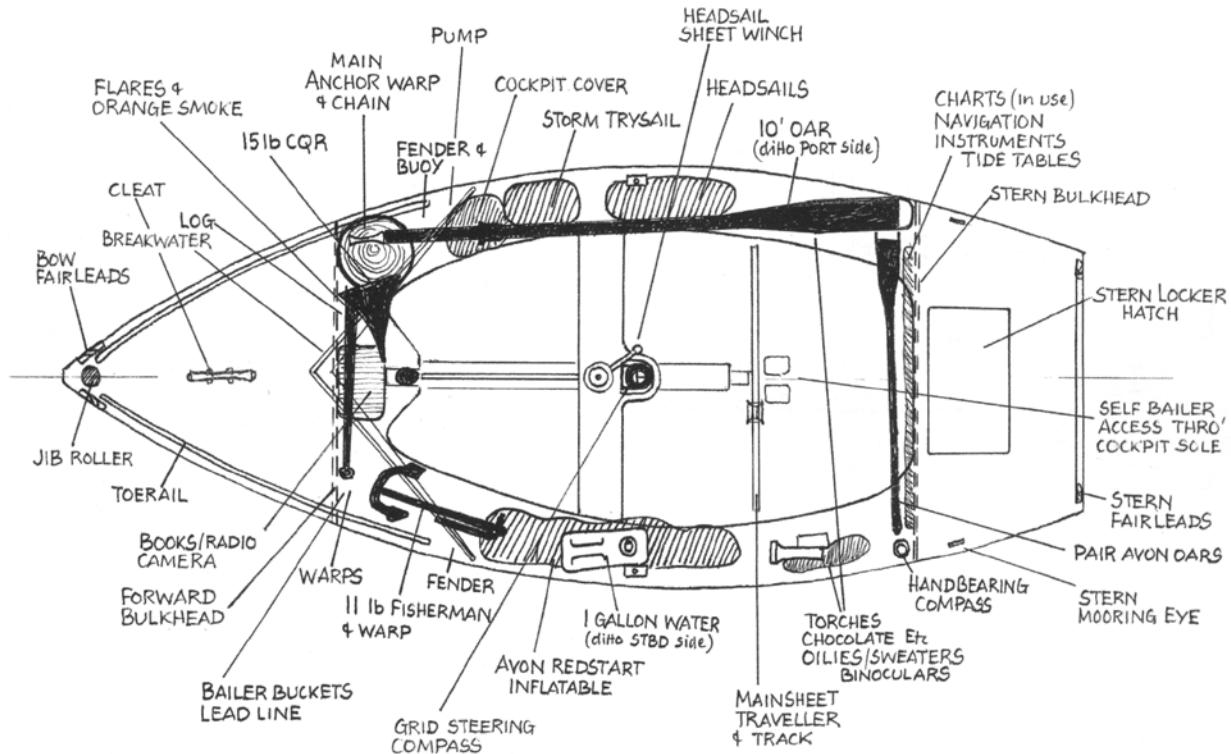
Long before we reached St Albans we had lifejackets on. Then we gybed safely and ran parallel to the shore. The dark sickle of the standing waves of St Albans

SURPRISE

National Eighteen: LOA 18ft; beam 7ft 3in; hull weight 550lb/250kg; sailing weight in cruising trim 800lb/364kg; sail area 190sq ft; trapeze and spinnaker fitted.

Sails carried: mainsail 105sq ft (reefing by two slabs to 78 and 51sq ft); genoa; working jib; spitfire jib; spinnaker; storm trysail. **Auxiliary:** one pair 10ft oars. **Navigation:** Bosun grid steering compass; Sestrel junior handbearing compass; Admiralty Charts; Stowe log; hand lead-line; Hurst plotter; Admiralty pocket tidal atlases; pilot books. **Flares:** 6 hand-held red; 3 orange daylight smoke; 1 set Miniflares (red) and projector (Miniflare 2). **Ground tackle:** 15lb/7kg CQR plus 2 fathoms/3.7metres chain and 25 fathoms/46 metres 1-inch nylon; 11lb/5kg fisherman plus 15 fathoms /28 metres 1-inch nylon; sundry warps and fenders.

Camping/Cooking: Tilley Trio, 2 burners with combined grill; Camping Gaz; 2 x 1 gallon fresh water containers; lightweight proofed nylon overboom tent; sleeping mats.



race curved out to sea: three large continuous breakers with turbulent overfalls downtime. We gybed again to close the headland and passed through the relative calm of the inshore passage within 100ft of the rocky cliff. The race hissed and tumbled to seaward. With theatrical timing the sun was obscured by black clouds and an ominous gloom descended.

The water darkened — we could already see the squalls and white horses ahead. Lulworth was still seven miles downwind and we needed no second bidding to roll up the genoa and reef the main. Under just 70sq ft of sail we reached at six knots along this forbidding shore, parrying the heavy squalls. As a special treat the sun reappeared just as we entered Lulworth. Securely anchored, we settled down to a welcome cup of tea and rich boat cake.

The 1750 forecast promised north-east Force 6 for Portland. Rounding the Bill in a Six did not bear consideration.

We rowed ashore to tell the Coastguard we had not drowned ourselves.

Somewhere between the Met Office and Lulworth the Force 6

blew itself out and as summer returned Portland almost vanished in the heat haze. After a chat with the Portland Coastguard early the next morning we shook out the reef and bubbled out of Lulworth.

However, the wind fell and the sun became hotter until we slopped about off Grove Point, underpowered and sweltering in our oilies and lifejackets. Changing

the spring ebb had been indelibly imprinted on our minds. Now, as we passed the sunbathing holidaymakers, it seemed unreal: was this Portland? The lighthouse loomed above us and suddenly we were at the very tip of the Bill. We waved thumbs-up to the Coastguard, shed our oilies and pulled firmly away north-westwards.

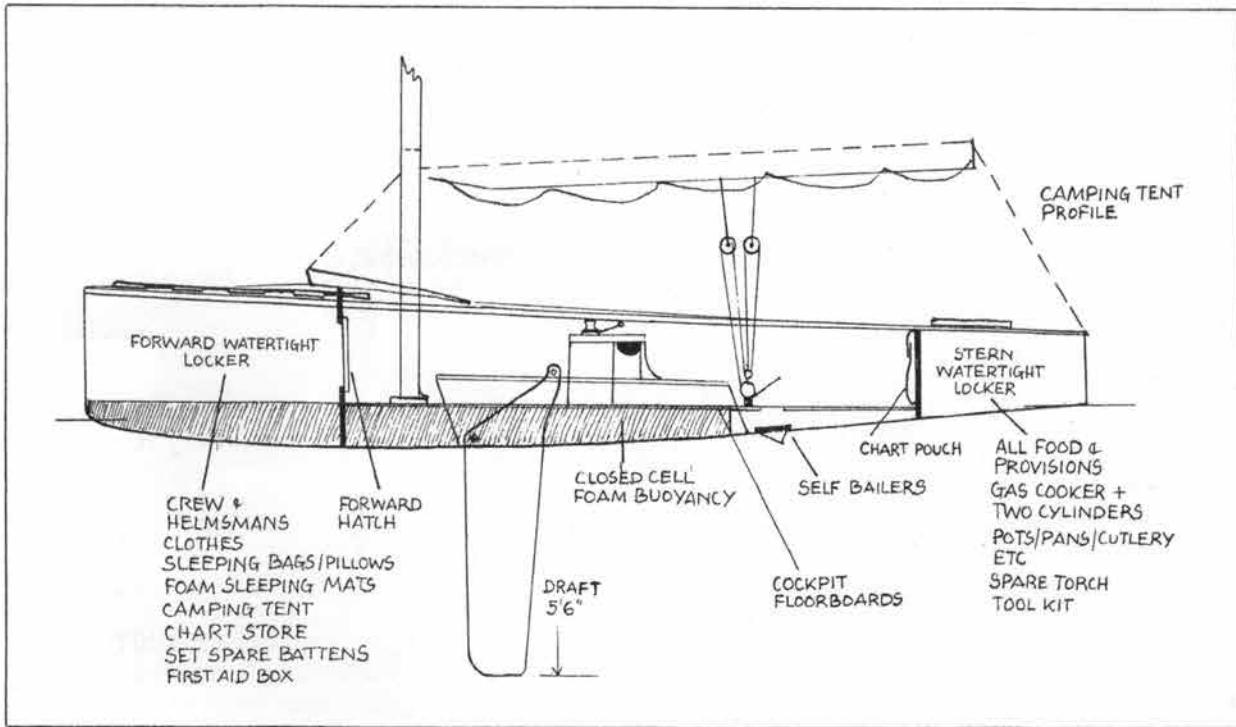
We had 26 miles to run to Lyme Regis. Layer after layer of 'rounding Portland Bill clothing' came off and still we roared. Predictably the wind veered with the sun and so headed us. We carried the spinnaker shyer and shyer until finally admitting defeat off Abbotsbury.

Neither of us were quite prepared for the sight that met our eyes as we entered Lyme Regis. From the harbour walls high above, scores of holidaymakers and fishermen peered down on us. It was like sailing into a goldfish bowl or rather, as we discovered very quickly, an empty goldfish bowl. It was practically low water and we found an amazing hotch-potch of tightly packed boats dried out at drunken angles. We paddled into the only sensible gap and

It was like sailing into a goldfish bowl

to the genoa gave some drive but the wind fell lighter and lighter as the spring tidal stream rushed us southwards along the Bill. Suddenly we came across an unexpected hazard: lobster pots — dozens of them — half submerged with their own 6-knot bow waves. We had considered the Bill to be the greatest hazard in the whole passage plan.

Before the cruise we had studied the pilot books for Portland and scenes of a southwesterly gale ripping up a maelstrom against



waded *Surprise* into the shallows — the beauty of 10in draft.

The sailing club held out a welcoming hand. We were among friends and were questioned closely: how did we cook, sleep, eat, live, get round Portland, manage in rough weather and calm, navigate? We talked and talked and it was only very late that evening I remembered I had not telephoned the Coastguard.

During the night the fog rolled in. By morning its clammy hand had killed the wind and reduced the horizon to a few hundred

yards. We patronised the local launderette and strolled around exploring Lyme.

The fog and calm persisted so we persuaded our nearest neighbours to join us for a driftwood barbecue along the beach below the Undercliff.

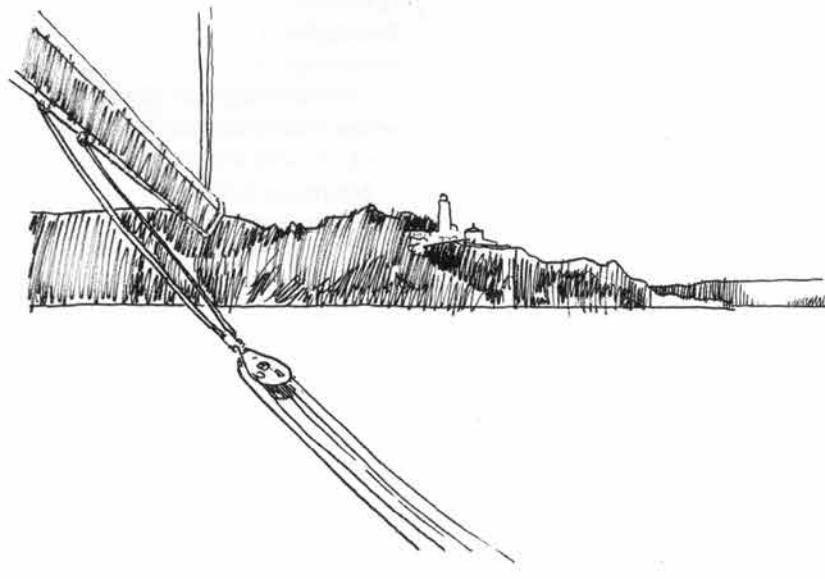
“Within seconds the whole boat was ablaze”

That evening there was a great drama in the tightly packed

moorings on the north wall of the harbour: a glassfibre Boston Whaler burst into flames as the owner disconnected the battery leads. Within seconds the whole boat was ablaze as the full petrol tank erupted. Neighbouring craft were cut adrift and pulled to safety. A quick-thinking young man hooked his anchor and chain onto the flaming whaler and towed her clear of the harbour. The trippers dispersed, the show was over, and we dined aboard our neighbour's yacht in great style and comfort.

The next morning, August 5th, the forecast was optimistic — a variable Force 2 with isolated thundery showers. We phoned the CG, stowed the fresh food and cleared the Cobb at 11:30 on a course along the incredible Undercliff shore. By lunchtime Beer Head was abeam and we were just making 2 knots. In hazy sunshine the wind dropped and headed. The speed dropped to 0.5 of a knot. We thought of the notorious Beer Smugglers: they would have been rowing by now — so would the Excisemen. With a long series of agonisingly slow tacks we inched our way along the shore.

When the rain started a better



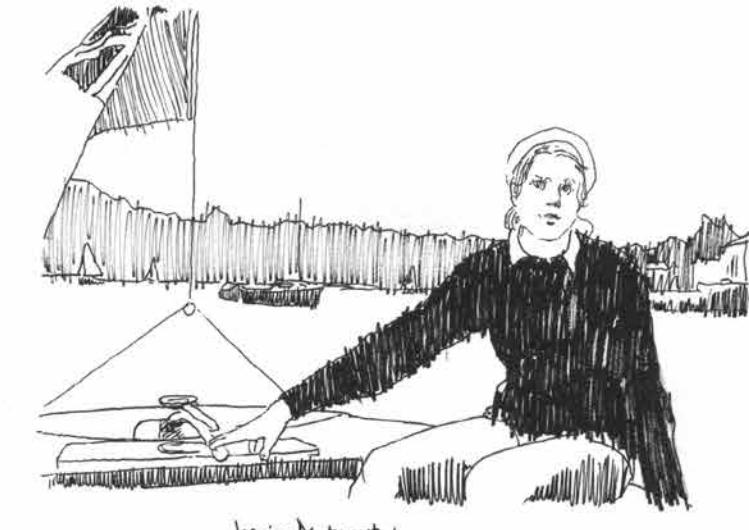
breeze came in but by 16:00 this had died again and we crept past Sidmouth. It was raining again when we reached Budleigh Salterton. We were becalmed long enough to consider the possibility of beaching *Surprise* but 30 minutes later we were broad-reaching at 4 knots towards Straight Point. We rounded the Point and tacked into Sandy Bay where we anchored for the night.

Next day the rain eased to a drizzle and then evaporated into mist. A light northeasterly carried us past Exe Fairway buoy on course for Torbay. Visibility was less than two miles and we were soon self-contained in our own little world, the spinnaker adding a splash of colour to an otherwise drab scene.

The hourly DR plot crept across the chart. A great silent fleet of tankers appeared to port, all anchored. Well, where were we? A single distinctive rock broke the monochrome of sea and sky and we took a fix on the Orestone. The low cloud ahead became Berry Head: we had two good fixes. The sun appeared and the northerly brisked up to fill the spinnaker. Passing between the Mewstone and the shore saved half a mile but cost us every breath of wind. We edged into the Dart and a racing yacht steamed up, the crew busy furling sails. Her helmsman held up the traditional rope's end and we accepted the lift.

On August 9th we rounded Start Point just before 15:00. The wind fell light as we were now blanketed by the craggy backbone of the Point. The spinnaker made several journeys up and down and, a quarter mile further on, the wind finally evaporated. A yacht appeared round the Point, spinnaker pulling well and closed rapidly but then she too fell into the hole. She reached us under motor and offered a tow but ten minutes later the wind returned and we sailed again.

Just west of Salcombe entrance we fell into a new calm but before we reached the deadly Hamstone, which sealed the fate of *Herzogin Cecile* in 1936, a firmer breeze set



Leaving Dartmouth

in. We tacked shorewards towards Ramilles Cove and as the wind increased we had an exhilarating sail under reefed main and working jib. Tacking up the river we picked up a mooring below the hotel.

On a gloriously hot and sunny morning the next day, we made for Polperro. By early evening *Surprise* nosed by the fishing boats waiting for the tide through the narrow harbour entrance. Janet's paddling was appreciated by the fishermen: 'Good fur a gurl, that iz'.

Avoiding the sightless fish heads and skeletal remains of Kentucky Fried which littered the harbour, we waded in through the unpleasant detritus of a tripper's paradise. We wore sea boots.

The Harbourmaster was busy assisting high-heeled, crimplene-clad lady tourists aboard his boat for Jolly Trips Around the Bay. We expressed a hope and a preference for lying further up the harbour: no such luck.

Reluctantly we secured alongside a massive bilge keeler, her topsides towering over *Surprise*. We had forgotten our crampons and the heads outlet faced us squarely. The owners were very kind and lowered their longest ladder for us; it just reached.

At the first opportunity, on August 11th we paddled out, hoisted sail and headed towards Mevagissey on a sparkling sea.

Fetching across St Austell Bay

gave us a chance to marvel at the amazing lunar landscape of the China Clay works, the white spoil tips dominating the horizon, rising starkly above the green countryside.

After the night in Mevagissey we had to wait patiently for the wind and it was almost 11:00 before the first catspaws ruffled the calm. We tacked again and again towards the massive Dodman Point, the last major headland between us and Helford. We passed along the beautiful shore and made an extra board towards Gorran Haven. It looked lovely, a tiny harbour protected by the crooked arm of the breakwater and a clean sandy beach with Regency and early Victorian houses right down on the sand. It was noted as, 'The harbour we would most like to visit,' but time and tide urged us on. We tacked out along the spectacular sweep of Vault Beach: it was almost deserted.

Rounding Dodman at 13:45 we sailed into a crimson sea, which was completely covered with a mysterious layer of red algae — or was it oil? It stretched for miles.

Passing safely clear of The Gedges, we entered the Helford and four hours after rounding Dodman *Surprise*, still under sail, grounded gently on the foreshore of Point Cottage at the head of the Porth Navas Creek. We had made it.



Passage East

The Return Journey

Breadwin in Bridport - West Bay.

THE 200-MILE return passage to The Solent did not start well: we left ashore the frozen casserole (our first night's dinner). This traumatic discovery came as we ran down Porth Navas creek towards Helford River channel.

Even in the sheltered creek the wind funnelled down to give a fast run under genoa only. Powered on by unpredictable squalls, *Surprise* tore across the river to the Ferry Stores for an urgent reprovisioning. The southwest bank of the Helford was fully exposed to the blustery nor'northeasterly but it gave an opportunity to gauge the real wind and sea conditions: rough and cold.

Dodman would provide the first real lee but that was 12 miles upwind. A deep-reefed main and working jib seemed a sensibly small sail plan. It was uncharitably cold.

To say we settled down for a long windward leg gives a false impression of modest comfort: an open centreboard dinghy in a Force 5 can never be comfortable.

Straining every muscle we clawed out precious ground to

windward, encouraged only by the steady 4.3 knots on the log. Abeam of Nare Head the wind backed and increased (or were we weakening?) and we furled the headsail. It cost almost half a knot of boat speed but we were under proper control again.

Dodman's shelter gave a welcome respite from the continuous spray and muted the icy blast of the wind. In calmer water we treated ourselves to the headsail and soon shook out the deep reef. As the afternoon wore on the wind backed towards the west and a welcome sun appeared.

By evening we were closing Rame Head on a fast broad reach under full sail. We had to decide now between Plymouth and Newton Ferrers: the former was well lit but we did not know the harbour whereas the Yealm is unlit but we did know the river.

With the last of the evening breeze we planed across the bay to skirt the Mewstone, and finally crept into the Yealm entrance. The wind deserted us and, with an ebbing stream, we paddled into the inky blackness, navigating by torchlight. We nosed slowly

upstream and found a vacant mooring. It had been a long day but we had covered 50 miles in just nine hours.

We left Newton Ferrers with a steady westerly on a broad reach to Bolt Head. It was fine, sunny, comfortable sailing and *Surprise* swooped along. We approached the Salcombe Peninsula physically and psychologically prepared for worsening sea conditions and we were not disappointed. *Surprise* tore along the rocky shore, riding the big swell until the Salcombe ebb broke the rhythmic pattern, confusing and steepening the waves. Ever since leaving home in July we had been trying to achieve the magic 10 knots — the maximum the log speedo would indicate: now we were getting close. We braced ourselves for a gybe as we passed Prawle (at least if we capsized there somebody might see). Choosing a long downhill wave we turned cautiously across the wind and as the boat speed increased we flicked the main over. *Surprise* did not object and we surged on at 9 knots.

Safely through the tidal

confluence we ran on across Lannacombe Bay towards Start with the wind dropping. The sea calmed completely and we slowed to under 2 knots: rock spotting in the clear water was a fascinating task. The outlier to the south — that terrible trap for the unwary — was pinpointed by ominous whorls in the smooth sea. The chart is littered with the wrecks and it was a sobering exercise to sail so gently in this ship's graveyard, delicately skirting the terrible tombstones.

We had arrived too early for a favourable lift and now we stemmed the last westing tide, a small price to pay for such an exhilarating sail. Breaking clear of the big windshadow from Start gave a close reach along Slapton Sands. Passing the mass of gleaming caravans we engaged in a serious race with a Half Tonner. She took an inshore course, finding weaker stream, while further offshore we had a firmer breeze. Neck and neck we approached the Dart. Finally she motored but we could still sail and carried a puffy breeze on our port beam right up to the Dart Harbour Board moorings.

The next day a fitful breeze, between spells of rowing, took us downstream past the Castle and so out of the Dart. Equally fitfully we tacked slowly clear of the Mewstone and the sweeping Channel tide gave us a helping hand northwards up the coast toward Berry. Squarely facing Torbay the last of the catspaws was burnt up by the brilliant sunshine. *Surprise* lost steerage way. We lunched and fretted at the lack of progress, anxiously scanning the glassy horizon for signs of a returning breeze. The prospect of a seven-mile row to Torquay did not appeal. Finally the breeze arrived and with a slight sigh — like an old lady who has been kept waiting unnecessarily — *Surprise* made way at last to meet the firmer wind funnelling down the Exe valley.

Within an hour the trapeze was needed and during the next hour

we shortened sail twice, finally fighting our way northeastwards under just a reefed mainsail towards the gleaming chalk headland of Beer.

We passed Sidmouth in the early evening and were soon treated to a beautiful sunset. Reaching along the shore we closed Beer as dusk was falling. Time for night sailing routine: torches stowed ready, sandwiches and hot soup to up spirits and extra sweaters and full oilies to keep the vital warmth in and efficiency up.

Broad-reaching comfortably threequarters of a mile offshore, we would be in Lyme in about an hour as long as the breeze held. The town lights twinkled ahead and we sat comfortably on the bottomboards peering into the darkness. The faint glow of the compass showed a steady course towards the Cobb.

Then it hit us: quite suddenly out of the darkness a roaring wind poured over the cliffs and struck *Surprise*. We reeled gunwale down under the onslaught, the boom showering spray in the waves and the genoa flogging madly as we staggered shorewards in a wild broach, water pouring over the starboard deck. Within seconds the wind was shrieking in the rigging but somehow we were still upright. Feathering the main gave us vital moments to roll the genoa.

Without the genoa we had better control and *Surprise* leapt onto a furious plane on the flat sea. The usual sedate clicking of the log became a demented castanet chattering in the darkness. We could not see the speedo but it took just 22 minutes to cover the four miles to Lyme. *Surprise* shot round the outer end of the Cobb towards the half-dozen yachts anchored outside the harbour in the sweep of the bay.

The thunderous staccato flogging of the main as we depowered in the squalls brought many inquisitive heads popping out of cabins. It was apparent that we could not sail into the harbour — not only was it packed but in

that weight of wind it would have been far too dangerous to attempt to sail in such a restricted space.

We closed the shore by the bathing beach, gradually finding a lee from the battering wind, and gratefully we anchored safely. That had been quite a day.

The following day, with there being no possibility of making Portland, we rowed into the harbour, berthed alongside the wall and enjoyed a rest day in Lyme renewing acquaintances. After an early dinner we paddled out again and picked up a mooring to be ready for an early start to the Bill.

06:00 and almost calm. We carried the spinnaker for a mile from Lyme at the magnificent rate of one knot. 25 miles to Portland! So we rowed: we rowed past Golden Cap, we rowed past Seatown and we rowed abeam of Bridport. Finally we waited for the calm to break. We waited a week.

The wait produced a Force 3 on the nose, instantly doubling the distance to the Bill. We tacked laboriously along Chesil and as the visibility deteriorated the wind notched up, forcing one sail reduction after another. Five miles off, Portland was still completely invisible in the murk. We finally arrived in Chesil Cove under a deep reefed main and working jib. The wind accelerated through the low gap between Portland and the Wyke. The sea was rough, black and threatening.

On each tack shorewards we closed the land with 4 knots forward speed and an ever-increasing lift southwards. Nearer the Bill our speed broadside exceeded our headway by 50%. Just one day away from the biggest springs of the month the stream was not hanging around.

Out of the murk a yacht appeared to the west. It was comforting to know that we would be rounding in company. Our half-mile tacks were reduced to a few hundred yards, then a mere hundred feet as *Surprise* slewed into the rocky shore tacking closer in than any keelboat could ever



Christchurch Bay, Force 7

risk. The Race was there all right, rearing and foaming 100 yards to seaward, chopped up by the full force of the contrary wind. The inshore passage plunged undulating and furrowed eastwards and we swept along. The log showed three knots but our speed over the ground was close to eight.

But the inshore passage has its disadvantages. The wind baffles and lifts unpredictably over the land and northwards; by Grove we almost lost way altogether and we were lucky to make Castle Cove by dusk. Then the easterly returned and it was a rough night.

Almost any other anchorage would be more comfortable than Castle Cove in an easterly Force 6. Lulworth seemed a possibility and so, the following day, with deep-reefed main and spitfire jib we gained ground to windward in the comparative shelter of Portland Harbour. But outside it was rough. Too rough to trapeze safely. It was a slaughtering sail and as we closed the Lulworth shore we realised to our horror that the waves and the wind were bending to remove the last vestiges of a safe lee, and the vital shelter we so desperately needed in the Cove would be highly suspect.

We quickly decided that the lure of Weymouth, six miles downwind, was greater than the attraction of a free anchorage two miles upwind. In that decision

we were not alone: dozens of yachts converged on Weymouth, two at least blowing out sails on a dead run. We approached the harbour at nearly nine knots, rough riding the massive waves in an exhilarating plane.

The unsecured trots swung 10 or 12 deep and grew by the minute. Not relishing the prospect of being tail-end Charlie on one of these perilously swaying rafts we opted for the smallest trot visible, on the railway quay side and outboard of two yachts secured alongside *The Malcolm Miller*. We soon discovered why this was only two boats deep: the *Miller* was reputedly due to sail at 04:00 next morning. Accepting that threat as a marginally better option than the trot sandwiches in the Cove we came alongside. Almost before we were secured steaming mugs of tea were passed down from the *Cobra*. 10:50.

Some yachtsmen do not welcome a centreboard dinghy alongside but sometimes there are significant advantages — a trot is unlikely to grow outboard of a smallish dinghy, as most incoming yachts have enough berthing problems without the additional hassles of shifting already moored boats. One yacht only, of the scores that ran thankfully if unwillingly into Weymouth that day, moved *Surprise* outboard of her.

The owner of this particular yacht introduced himself. He lives

at Castle Cove and had watched *Surprise* buck and snatch on our rough overnight mooring there. He now recognised *Surprise* and once again we found ourselves explaining the passage ... the outcome was an offer to make use of a mooring in Castle Cove if the strong easterly continued so we could leave *Surprise* in safety rather than against the quay.

The easterlies continued unabated and many well-found yachts jibbed at the prospect of a Bank Holiday slog back to Poole and the Solent. On Tuesday morning we accepted a pluck down the harbour into the teeth of the easterly and quickly completed the shortest sail of the whole passage to the mooring in Castle Cove.

For the first time on the long cruise we omitted to inform the Coastguard of our passage plan — just a mile and a half round to Castle Cove. That omission had repercussions later.

We were back in London by 20:00 and the phone was ringing as we walked in. *Surprise* had been expected back in the Solent: where were we? The Portland Coastguard would like to know. They knew we had left Weymouth (another yacht had overheard radio conversations and had reported our departure) but where to? With more than a shade of embarrassment we telephoned Portland and received a well deserved admonishment for failing to tell someone what we were doing. Lesson learnt.

After an impatient fortnight in London waiting for a favourable wind we returned to Weymouth and finally, on September 12th, left Castle Cove for the long delayed leg to Studland. This short but fast run gave us the best average speed of the whole cruise and the Studland sunset was spectacular; suddenly it seemed a shame that we were nearly home.

On September 13th we tore off in an ever-increasing westerly on course to North Channel. Without the slightest hesitation *Surprise* reached 8.5 knots. Running dead downwind in exhilarating

conditions of continuous planing we scarcely noticed how both the wave height and the wind were increasing in the open water of Christchurch Bay. Soon we were approaching 10 knots on the downward wave faces and then for minutes at a time the speedo went off the clock. We had at least achieved one ambition, but there was the immediate problem of curbing this runaway boat before we executed a spectacular capsize. A continuous dull shriek from the wind emphasised the urgency and heightened the alarm as we planned the vital manoeuvre. Very carefully Janet edged forward to furl the genoa; when that was safely achieved *Surprise* was cautiously eased away from a dead run. We nursed her diagonally across the wave crests and gradually luffed as Janet clawed down the mainsail. Quite suddenly it was peaceful again and *Surprise* bobbed buoyantly to the waves, fore-reaching under perfect

control, the drive from the bare spar giving sufficient power for complete steerage. Our relief was immense. We had just learnt how difficult it is to shorten and stow sails in survival conditions and had been reminded again just how dangerous it is to carry too much sail downwind.

Turning square downwind with complete confidence we lashed in the mainsail and boom while running at nearly 4 knots under bare pole and the unreefed red ensign. Now relaxed, we lunched and then, feeling bolder, unfurled the genoa: the speedo needle shot up to 9.5 knots. More squalls swept across the Bay and we decided to set the storm trysail. Carried aboard for the whole passage it was now to earn its keep.

Bright red and loose-footed it was hoisted for its first serious appearance. With the genoa furled we could once again face the blackening squalls with confidence — if the wind notched up well

above Force 7 we still had bare poles in reserve.

Hugging the Hurst shore to pick up a favourable eddy through the Narrows we finally entered The Solent in the glassy slick of a fast tide and rounded up towards Keyhaven to hoist the mainsail again. In the smoother water *Surprise* ran easily at 8 knots.

By the greatest good fortune half-a-dozen fellow sailing club members were still around when we picked up our mooring at Lee-on-the-Solent at 17:30. Within half an hour willing hands had emptied *Surprise* of all the cruising gear and we dragged her on her trolley up the steep slip to the safety of the dinghy park. The 17:50 forecast predicted southwesterly Gale 8 to Severe Gale 9. We had just made it: our guardian angels at the Needles were equally relieved to hear that we were back safely — to say nothing of our respective mothers.

RD

Roy Downes tells the story of how National 18 No.303 came into being — in 1972-3 (Condensed from a longer article.)

I first met National 18s while I was a student struggling to keep an aged Merlin together (and upright). In those days we used to race level with the Eighteens, as Merlins and 18s shared the same Portsmouth Yardstick (91), but it's hard for a 14-footer to match the windward ability of an 18-footer. While we sweated and strained every muscle to get to the weather mark, the Eighteens just powered upwind and, once round, tore away. I kept falling over in any sort of wind (25ft mast and 4ft 6ins beam). The ultimate irony, as I clung to my upturned hull after one of my frequent and spectacular high-speed capsizes, was to be offered a cup of freshly-brewed tea from a solicitously attendant Eighteen. They weren't even wearing oilskins.

The Eighteens always arrived first. Then they disgorged whole families, dogs, cooking appliances and dry clothes for the 'small dinghy' sailors still to arrive. They could be sailed single-handed or with up to six on board, did not appear to fall over the moment the anemometer registered Force 5, and looked nice into the bargain.

The new Proctor-designed glass fibre composite boats — glass hulls with wooden decks — were introduced to stimulate interest in the class as the skyrocketing price of the traditional Uffa Fox ACE wooden clinker boats had slowed the growth of the class in the late 1960s and early 1970s. I liked what I saw: a big, stable, beamy boat with lots of room, lightweight alloy plates now down to 60lbs, a powerful rig and the promise of reduced maintenance and a more or less one-design hull. Within a month I had

joined the other enthusiasts at Tamesis and ordered a hull from the moulders. Price of a bare shell with bow and stern bulkhead and centreplate case — just £168 then. I specified a clear glass hull (no pigment) to ensure a first-class moulding, which I got.

Building *Surprise* then started in the boatshed at Tamesis, my work being supervised every Sunday by the knowledgeable and skilled members fresh from the bar at about 14:00hrs. Cocooned in a polythene tent, with a blow heater to cure the resin and glue, *Surprise* grew more like a boat, despite my spectators. As with any amateur builder, I was concerned with ensuring suitable strength throughout the construction, and the crucial weighing-in ceremony (administered by class President and Measurer, Murray Vines, that doyen of the 18 class) declared 630 lbs. Gulp! 80 lb overweight! (I subsequently removed 68 lb of this and I was prepared to concede the odd 12 lb, secure in the knowledge that *Surprise* would stay together through whatever weather I could take her).

There are, of course, those polythene-wrapped individuals, with their sanitized minds, who will say that no small boat is safe for cruising, and to sail at night — horrors, there ought to be a law against it. Thank heavens there isn't: with good preparation and a well-found boat, sound seamanship, careful passage planning, and a reasonable share of good luck, dinghy cruising is safe — and the most absorbing and rewarding recreation I know of. RD

25 Years Ago
in MAIB

To Nova Scotia in a Townie?

Thunder clouds were overhead. I was on the roof of a house in Nahant trying to finish painting the damn thing to have the money to go on my voyage. The house was a problem. After each day I painted, the woman owner would say she didn't like the color and wanted it changed. She had changed it five times and was now down to a colorless gray. Every house in the neighborhood was gray. Given time, every house on the island would be gray. A few raindrops tapped me on the head telling me I was through for the day.



RAIN

A gusty wind whipped up the water, chasing the boats to shelter. A sprit sailed Swampscott dory overturned just off shore. The man was pulled from the water by a passing motor launch. Many boats were capsized that day by the sudden squall. "Good to get this weather behind me," I told myself, "I just need three good days."

The woman gave me an advance on the house painting. I told her I'd be back in a week to finish it.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To Nova Scotia."

"In a Townie?" I didn't answer.

Next morning I awoke at 6. "In a Townie" screamed in my mind and scared the hell out of me. "Why should I do this damn fool thing? Forget about it and go back to sleep. No," I said angrily, "I'm

on vacation and this is the only thing I've got to do. It's either this or nothing and the vacation's wasted."

I arrived at the Dory Club before 8. No one was there. "Good. I don't have to explain where I'm going and get, 'In a Townie?' again." I threw the pram into the water and rowed out to the Townie and towed it to the dock. Then I began portaging the gear to the boat. A white dog stood and stared at me. I knew

"He's not here yet. When he gets here, tell him I left and I'll meet him behind Ten Pound Island in Gloucester Harbor." I tossed everything aboard hurriedly, raised the sails, untied the lines and cast off. I was away. All my problems could be forgotten to make room for the ones that were coming. It was a great day with a gentle southerly wind. There was every type of cloud overhead, still the sun would stare down at me intermittently through the cluttered sky.



CLOUDS

what it was thinking. Then the wharfingers arrived like seagulls, perching on benches and handrails.



SEAGULLS

"Goin' on a trip?" one asked.
"Yep."
"Where to?" another asked.
"Nova Scotia." And, before anyone could utter the feared question, "I was supposed to meet another fellow here who has a bigger boat. We're to sail together."
"Where is he?"



AWAY



FISHIN'

We sailed on towards Marblehead. I happened to look astern at our wake and saw a line streaming from under the boat. I pulled it aboard with a gaff and started winding it on a spare piece of wood. I could

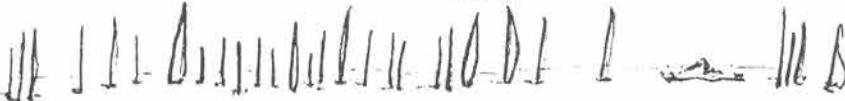


WINDING LINE



GO BACK TO SLEEP

have cut it loose but it was a good pastime while the boat sailed itself. Soon I had a great ball of line when the end appeared. It was an appetizing lure with brightly colored feathers and beads and savage hooks. Now I realized the boat had taken the bait and broken free. Those fishermen had caught themselves a Nahant Townie.



THE LINE

On our course line ahead there was a huge congress of sailboats that had me puzzled until I remembered that it must be the starting line of the Marblehead to Halifax Race. We sailed up to it but were chased away by a patrol boat. "Don't interfere with the racers," they kept announcing.

The boat was leaking badly by this time and kept me bailing. A huge racing boat drew up alongside us as I was trying to get around the line. "Get out of our way," the helmsman shouted down at me. He stood before the wheel with a life jacket on and a harness. He was secured to the wheel with a safety line and

of technical inbreeding. If we had the day's start like I had planned, we would have embarrassed the hell out of them when they tried to catch us in the Bay of Fundy.

The wind shifted to the east, dead ahead. There was five inches of water in the boat now. "You don't look too good," I told the boat. "Want to chase that fleet?" I asked.

I pulled the anchor then and rowed the boat up on the clamshell beach on the island. I tied the bowline to a tree as angry gulls



TO A TREE



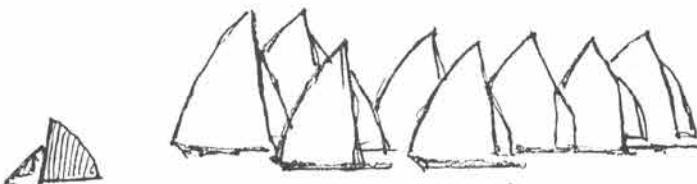
BILGE WATER

"I don't feel too good. Better pull into Gloucester and find out what's wrong with me." Mozart's funeral requiem wailed out as the sinking boat hobbled by the Eastern Point breakwater. The wind lightened and we ghosted down the channel. A lobster boat with no muffler drowned out the silence.



SECURED

chained to stanchions on either side of him. Everything aboard looked brand new. The crew wore uniforms with the name of the boat printed on the back. The boat looked like it had been specially built for the race and would be thrown away after the race along with the sails and the people.



STARTING GUN

When we were one minute beyond the line the starting gun was fired. Then the pedigreed of sailing technology cajoled, intimidated and almost collided in a miasma of enthusiasm and confusion, finally clearing the line, pointing just a little higher and going just a little faster than we were. I wasn't too impressed with this display



ROLLIN IN THE WAKE

screamed at me. Then I made my way to the little lighthouse and climbed the abandoned tower. At the top I could see the horizon outside the harbor. There wasn't a boat out there. Ken wasn't coming. Everything seemed to have gone wrong.



ANGRY GULLS

THE ONLY SOUND

"How can he stand that noise?" I thought to myself.

"It upsets the fish too," the boat said. "It interferes with their sonar and they can't feed. A fisherman should know better."

A red speedboat raced around in circles nearby causing a lot of waves as we anchored behind Ten Pound Island. All the gear rearranged itself as we rolled down to the gunwales, and soon the mufferless lobsterboat returned to add its obnoxious sound to the anchorage.

I returned to the beach and pushed the boat off. I grabbed a mooring. I bailed and sponged the boat out to find the leak. I found clamshells. That hole must be pretty big to let in clamshells, but I couldn't find where they came in. I was discouraged. Everything seemed to be going wrong.

"Perhaps if we wait it out, things may change," I told the boat. It didn't reply. I laid the floorboards across the seats as I usually do and threw the life jackets down, then the sleeping bag. I draped the mainsail over the boom for a tent just before the mosquitos attacked. I turned on the radio for a little distraction from the screaming insects. It gave me the choice of rock music or a bible class.

"Things are going from bad to worse," I told the boat. I awoke at



FROM BAD TO WORSE

sunrise, bailed, and looked again for the leak with no success. "You're a sick boat," I said.

"I have to admit I don't feel too good," it admitted.

We cast off and beat out of the harbor into a light southwesterly.



The marine forecast came over the radio. Expect thunder and lightning storms with high winds of 40 mph. That settled it! We turned and ran back with the tide. I drove the boat up on the sandy beach by the fisherman's monument.



"I've got to get this boat out of the water." The only ramp I knew of was up the Annisquam River. To get to it, we would have to go under a small bridge. I walked to the bridge and asked the attendant if he could open it for my sailboat.

"Does it have a motor?"
"Nope."

"Can't do it. Couldn't do it anyway, the bridge is being repaired. Won't open."

I returned to the boat and reported that things have gone from worse to worser. A fisherman strolled by. "Better get that boat out," he warned, "heavy winds coming this way."

"Stop thinking and do something," the boat shouted at me.

I climbed aboard and unpinched the shrouds and forestay, lifted the mast out of its step and threw the whole thing over the side. It landed flat in the water and miraculously didn't break. I pulled it



aboard, lashed it, broke out the oars and started rowing to the bridge, not knowing what I'd do when I got there. The tide was

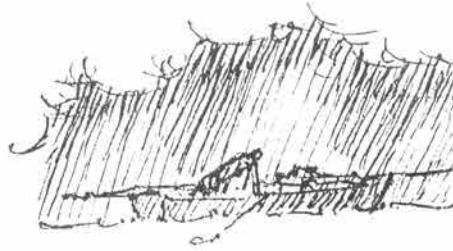
slack at the bridge. Thunder rumbled overhead. I could see that there were no boats coming through from the other side.



"Let's go," the boat said. The attendant tapped on his window, then came out onto the pier and screamed at us.

"A frightened man in a frightened boat is NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH!" I yelled back.

He jumped up and down in

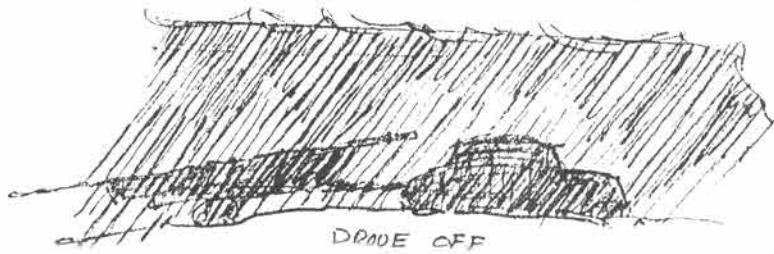


FRIGHTENED MAN

frustration. I continued rowing. Workmen were hanging off the underside of the bridge. They scrambled out of the way shouting curses and encouragement both.

"How fast can a frightened man row?" I asked the boat as thunder and lightning played about us. The trailer I'd phoned home for was in the water at the ramp waiting for us. I rowed the boat right up onto it. The truck pulled it out. I secured it and we drove off just as nature let loose with the full fury of a devastating storm.

Nova Scotia will have to wait for better weather.



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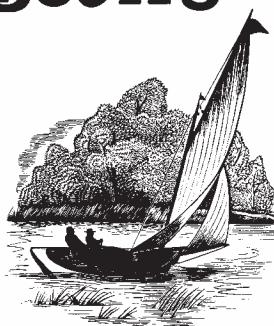
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**messing
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It seemed like when I was growing up in Connecticut at least one trip up to Mystic Seaport was obligatory, and once there the high point was walking the deck of the *Charles W. Morgan*. I couldn't help but look up in the rigging and wonder what it must have been like up there in a storm with the ship pitching and rolling and someone down below shouting commands.

Built in New Bedford, Massachusetts, and launched in 1841 the *Morgan* is 113' in length, approximately 313 tons and before her whaling days were over she had some 80 years of service and 37 voyages under her keel. Those voyages lasted from nine months to five years and covered most of the earth's oceans. Fortunately for the whales, alternative fuels began to displace whale oil and by the 1920s whaling in the United States had pretty much come to an end.

Like the whale oil they sought, whalers too were being displaced and so efforts were made to preserve the *Morgan* as she was soon becoming the last of the American wooden hulled whalers. Ultimately in 1941 she was towed into what is now Mystic Seaport and in 1966 she was declared a National Historic Landmark and in her berth of mud and sand she entertained thousands of visitors.

However, as the years went by it became clear that for her to survive she would require an enormous restoration effort on the part of her caretakers who rose to meet that challenge. But they wanted to do more than just replace rotting timbers and planking, they wanted to restore the *Morgan* to a seaworthy condition. They wanted to sail her again.

The restoration project took nearly six years, but good things take time. The *Morgan* was indeed looking good and by May of 2014 she was ready to be fully ballasted and made ready for sea. On May 17, 2014, she was towed (she has no engine) from Mystic to New London's State Pier to complete her ballasting and on Sunday, June 7, she was scheduled to hoist her new sails and conduct sailing trials in the waters off New London. I hoped to be there to see that happen.

The plan was to see the *Morgan* from a kayak cockpit. Together with my paddling companion, Tom, we decided to put our kayaks in the water at Groton's Bluff Point State Park just three miles from New London Ledge Light where the *Morgan* had to pass by in order to reach Long Island Sound. The weather forecast was for winds under nine knots for the entire day, but as we traveled over the Connecticut River Bridge on I95 I

The Last Wooden Whaler

By Hugh McManus



could see that the winds were exceeding that already. We launched at the park and paddled past the Groton-New London Airport, making our way to the entrance to the Thames River which is also New London Harbor.

As we got within a mile of New London Ledge Light I could see the *Morgan* making her way out to the mouth of the river with the assistance of a small tug. The wind was blowing 15 to 20 knots out of the west, there was a fairly large spectator fleet and, as the *Morgan* got closer to the Light, she began to deploy her sails, the tow line was cast off and she was on her own. It was quite a sight and to think that here was a crew that had never sailed together and were sailing a vessel originally built 174 years ago that had not been sailed in nearly a hundred years and there was nobody left alive to tell how she might handle.

As we watched the *Morgan* make her way up the Sound we paddled around Avery Point staying clear of the numerous vessels that had seen the *Morgan* off as well as those who use the harbor on a daily basis. Seeing New London Ledge Light reminded me that it was where I spent my last night in the Coast Guard. Back in the '60s, and for a fair number of years after that many of the lighthouses, or light stations as we called them, were manned. Four men were assigned to each light with one person rotating off on liberty. I spent three weeks on the light and was off for one week. Those were the days before cell phones and even the TV service was a little spotty.

Most of my four years I spent running boats as a coxswain and never saw any of that lighthouse duty, but I had a friend who was assigned to New London Ledge and decided to spend that last night out there. I had the duty boat crew drop me off and I spent a good part of the night swapping sea stories. The "Ledge" was believed by many to be haunted by the ghost of the former lightkeeper Ernie who jumped to his death from the lamp room. Some of the crew members talked about strange things occurring while they were on duty alone, there were unexplained banging noises and voices heard, mostly at night.

The stories about Ernie weren't new as I had heard them before, but what I failed to mention to the guys out there that night was that a couple of the station boat coxswains would, when returning from a boat call at night, drop off a crew member to bang on the light house door and jump back on the boat, which would back quietly away into the night, some of which were foggy nights, and sometimes we could see that door open slightly and someone poke their head out. At any rate all the lights were automated by the late '80s and Ernie's probably a bit lonely out there now.

Paddling up into the harbor on the east bank past Pfizer's plant, where some 50 years ago its one fairly large smokestack produced an odor that smelled of rotten eggs and, with a north wind, could be detected out on Fishers Island some four miles away. Today its four stacks produce no smell at all or at least none that I could detect. Electric Boat, or EB as it's known locally, is still in the submarine building business and appears to have pushed out a bit south on the river. Unlike those times in the '60s when subs could be seen out in the open, today any and all submarines were apparently under cover of enclosed docking





buildings or vessels and out of sight of overhead reconnaissance satellites. The Navy has taken on some responsibility for security at EB as armed uniformed personnel were seen at various locations near the water's edge, so no photos were taken there.

Fort Trumbull, a blockhouse since 1777, was very visible as we entered the harbor, as did General Benedict Arnold in 1781, capturing the fort and burning the town and as many vessels as he could find. Today the fort is a Connecticut State Park and looks a lot better than it did in the '60s when I was stationed there. The Navy's Underwater Sound Lab

had its offices there and graciously allowed the Coast Guard to occupy a small corner of it. The Navy is gone but the CG is hanging onto its corner.

I had turned on my handheld VHF as I had heard that some of the comms with the *Morgan* might be carried on Channel 12 and ended up listening to all the RR bridge openings both on the Thames River and Shaw Cove. I can't remember the amount of openings back in the '60s that were occurring, but clearly the harbor was a lot busier now than back in the '60s. We paddled past the State Pier and under the RR and I95 bridges and up the Thames against a weak ebb tide. We had packed a lunch and found a place on the western side of the river to haul out and stay clear of the security boats from the sub base that was just across the river.

Also across the river and just to the south of the Sub Base sits the *SSN Nautilus*, launched in 1954, the world's first atomic submarine. In 1958 she was the first vessel to reach the North Pole and remained in service until 1980 when she was decommissioned. Today, as forbear of the Navy's nuclear undersea forces, she is open to the public.

Lunch was over and we headed back south along the western side of the river, passing the Thames River Shipyard which had a NYC Fire Department's fireboat in their drydock. The vessel, *Three Forty Three*, so named to honor the 343 members of the New York Fire Department who were lost on September 11, 2001. It was pretty impressive to see the four propellers that drive the vessel and to learn that it has a capacity to pump 50,000 gallons of water per minute.

Next to the shipyard is the Coast Guard Academy where I noticed three black hulled vessels tied up. They looked a little like tugs but what they turned out to be were old 65' Army T Boats constructed during the Korean War to assist with offloading and transporting military supplies. Most were built on a contingency basis and were never used and eventually offered to other services. The Coast Guard uses them at the Academy for teaching seamanship and boat handling and I understand that the cadets call them "dock bangers." They looked to be in good condition, maybe a result of superior boat handling or lots of boat fenders.

Making our way south past where the ferries to Block Island and Fishers Island are tied up, we were pleasantly surprised to see the *Charles W. Morgan* entering the harbor from its sailing trials. The *Morgan* had

a small tug on her port quarter and was en route to her berth at State Pier. While the sails were fully reefed it was still a grand sight to see this vessel of days gone by underway. We paddled across the harbor to try to get a photo of the *Morgan* without showing the tug on her port side and the end result is we have to look close to see that tug.

Photo taking from a kayak can be challenging as the kayak is always moving and the camera is housed in a waterproof case that has buttons that correspond to the camera's buttons and there's also the matter of keeping the kayak where I want to be. In this situation I found myself in front of EB with the big sign "No Photos" along with unsmiling Navy folks so I had to make sure to keep the camera pointed at the *Morgan* which slowly made her way up the harbor with her escort vessels. I took enough photos to be somewhat confident that some of them might pass muster.

Securing the camera, we headed down the harbor and back to our put in at Bluff Point State Park. After about a half mile or so I heard a pretty loud bang from my rear deck and at the same time my rudder pedal went slack. Looking back I saw that somehow my rudder had come off its bushing and was in the water, although still attached by its steering cables. Tom swung around and was able to tuck the rudder under my deck lines and we continued our paddle. My 20 some year old 17' Dirigo has always been a pretty slow boat, but on the other hand a very stable one, but I was to discover that it was never meant to be paddled without a rudder or, at least, on a windy day.

Later at the put in I found the reason for the rudder casualty, a $\frac{1}{4}$ " SS bolt had somehow sheared off allowing the rudder to detach itself. An easy fix, but I was already thinking about another boat that might be a bit more responsive and faster and getting ready for that question, "Another boat? Where are you going to keep it?"



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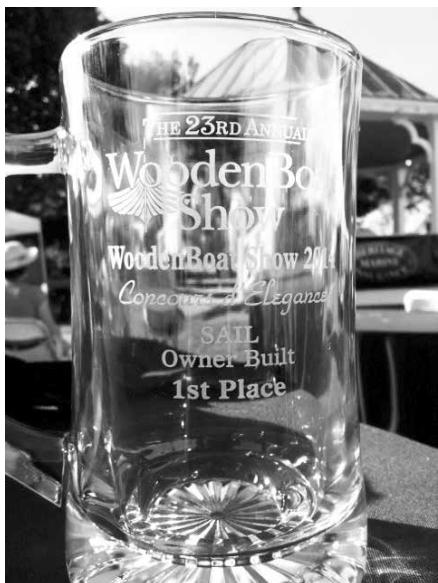
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At the WoodenBoat Show

It was a great time for us and the culminating reward for our winter project was the awards *Proud Mary 2* brought home, see for yourself!



Concours d'Elegance



I Built it Myself
Best in Show

Melonseed Project

By Richard Honan

Completed and Launched

After eight months of construction, it was certainly a memorable Fathers Day as I christened and launched *Proud Mary 2*. Thank you to everyone who shared the day with my family and I.

Next it's off to the WoodenBoat Show at Mystic Seaport where I have entered *Proud Mary 2* in the "I Built It Myself" display.



"Watercolor" portrait on dock (trick camera).

My Next Project How Small is Small

Well, it's time to start thinking about a new boat building project! Forty-five years ago, on June 1, 1965, Robert Manry left Falmouth, Massachusetts, for Falmouth, England, on the smallest craft to ever sail across the Atlantic Ocean (at the time), a 13.5' wish and a prayer called *Tinkerbell*. Manry purchased the tiny *Tinkerbell* in 1958 and sailed it all over Lake Erie. He eventually modified the boat significantly for longer water voyages. By 1965 he firmly believed he could take the tiny craft across the Atlantic Ocean. Having told no one except his wife and a few friends what he planned to do, Manry took *Tinkerbell* out of Falmouth and sailed right across the ocean to England. His splendid feat kindled admiration in men everywhere and secured for *Tinkerbell* a place in the bravest annals of the sea.



Proud Mary 2 Sails

By Richard Honan

Almost a month after she was christened and launched, brother Steve and I took *Proud Mary 2* out for a little shakedown sail. I still need to make a few more adjustments, add some additional weight or lead to the centerboard, a rudder stop to prevent the rudder from unexpectedly popping off or floating off the transom, but overall she responded very well... and yes, I know the outhaul needs to be tightened. Thanks for pointing that out!



Sail - Owner Built -1st Place

Planking Update



Jeremy Blaiklock works his Bobcat like a pro, restacking and pinning the planking with guidance from Orman Hines, RB Omo, Paul Cunningham and Tim Teague.



Repurposing a vintage event booth into a drying shelter for the planking provides an economical space for climate controlled seasoning for about a third of *Virginia*'s planking.

Battens



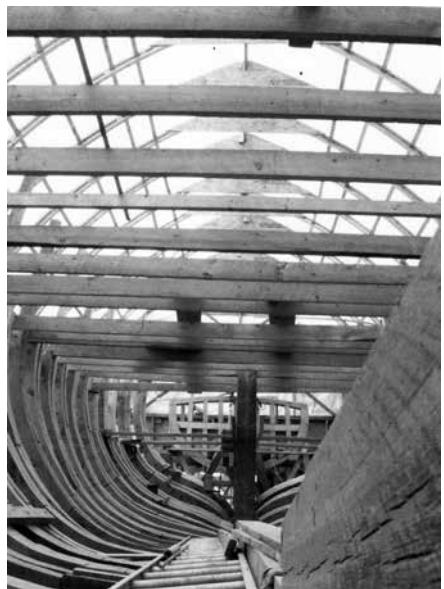
Checking for fair lines with battens,

Maine's First Ship

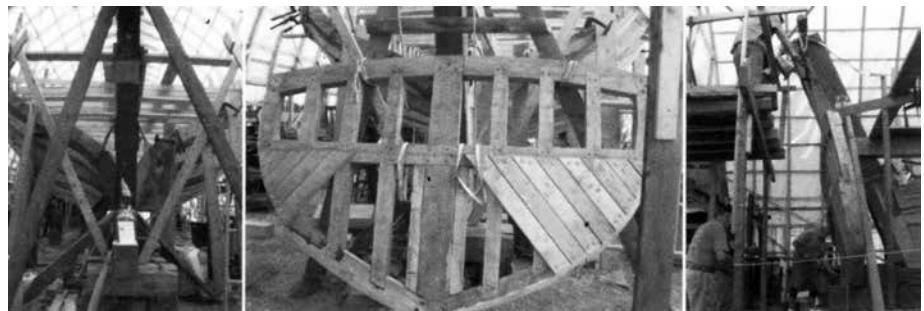
Come Visit *Virginia*

With the Visitor Center opening on July 1, Maine's First Ship's 2014 season formally began. You are all invited to come see the reconstruction of the first English ship built in the Americas on the Bath, Maine, waterfront just north of the US Rt 1 Sagadahoc Bridge. *Virginia*, a 17th century vessel built originally at the Popham Colony, is taking shape. With her 32 frames in place on her keel she is an impressive site, filling the 60' boat shed. Inside the Bath Freight Shed we have display panels set up to inform you about the Popham Colony and its attempt at early colonization of the northeast coast. With the raising of *Virginia*'s transom, another major milestone has been reached. Work continues on fairing and the final frames and we expect to install the first plank this summer.

Raising the Transom



Virginia's transom view from stem knee looking aft.



At the left, the black lower end of *Virginia*'s false stern post can just be seen at the top of frame. With the transom staged at the foot of the stern, volunteers work to rig and raise the transom into position. On the platform, Paul Cunningham sets the rig with help from Peter Watson and Chuck Jouver.

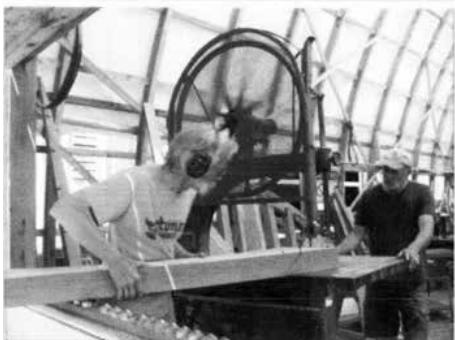


Burt Elliot leads the transom raising team and sets the lower rig with help from RB Omo. Chuck and Jay Coffey balance the transom on the keel mid lift



At left the transom almost in place. At right and framed in center Paul surveys the final fit.

Replacing Futtocks



Virginia's frames have been seasoning in place since they were raised and a few of the futtocks have developed flaws and required replacing. Using a thin Japanese saw, the trunnels are cut and the defective futtock is removed. Using the old futtock for a pattern, a new futtock is laid out by Orman Hines and Roger Rand. Roger uses the hand crank to adjust the angle of the tilting arbor shipsaw to match each change in the degree of bevel called out as the stock is moved through the saw by Fred Gosbee and Roger Barry.

Fairing Starboard and Larboard And Hawse Timbers



A bit of a competition has developed between the larboard (Burt Elliot and Arthur Robinson) and starboard (Orman Hines, Gus Manomaitis, Peter Watson and Larry O'Toole) fairing teams. Not to be left out of the trash talk, the hawse timber team is pushing for finishing both the inside and outside of the starboard timbers. Any wonder larboard got changed to port? David White works on the inside hawse timbers high on the stem. Gus planes, Dick Forrest and Jay Coffey shim the cant frames.

Donated White Oak for Hawse Timbers Delivery



Long time supporter Stephen Dewick recently donated some white oak which he had removed from his property in Woolwich and had hauled to our long time supporting sawyer Alan Higgins. After (donated) milling at Higmo's these timbers arrived just about the time we ran out of black locust stock for the hawse timbers.

Rabbits



Working forward and aft, on the last of the rabbits, Tim Teague is chiseling the transition from the keel to the stem and Jeremy Blaiklock cuts the rabbet for the last two aft frames.

I retired from the National Park Service after 35 years of service. More than 20 years of that time was at the wheel of a patrol boat. I ended my career as the Chief Ranger at Fire Island National Seashore. Leaving proved to be bittersweet. As I told someone once, I missed the performers but not the circus. My wife Dawn was worried I wouldn't be "busy enough" once I retired, so prior to my retirement date she bought me a Beetle Cat we found on Catboats.org. The boat we found needed some tender loving care. As a self described boat geek, I've been an admirer of catboats in general for years and always thought Beetle Cats were "cute." Once I became an owner, I was amazed at the workmanship that went into a boat two fathoms long and one wide.

When I purchased the Beetle Cat, that we've since named *Escape*, she was one of two for sale by the same owner. The other boat was of similar age, had fiberglass over the cedar planks and was already delaminating in numerous places. Our boat, Hull #1261, was built in 1967 and was originally built for a camp in Freetown, Massachusetts, not far from the Beetle shop. *Escape* definitely had issues, the transom needed to be replaced (the boat came with one from Beetle Inc), several ribs needed to be sistered, a new centerboard box, new keel/skeg, new rudder and two new garboard planks needed to be built and fitted.

It seemed I lucked out, garages are few and far between in this area, or so I thought, but a neighbor had an empty garage. So I moved *Escape* into the garage and immediately replaced the transom. I used ratchet tie downs as a Spanish windlass to hold the shape of the boat. After pulling the old transom out (which was surprisingly easy to get out after cutting 82 original screws) the new one went in as easily as the old one came out.



I used screw extractors found in the Woodcraft catalog to get the old screws out. These are saw toothed barrels that fit into a drill. I used the $\frac{3}{8}$ " size extractor to fit over the screw head and cut through the planks, making a perfect hole. These little tools became indispensable throughout the project. I then plugged the holes with West System epoxy and new oak dowels, then sanded them flush. Dolphinite bedding compound and cotton caulking supplied by Beetle, along with 80 #8x2" #316 stainless screws found in the McFeeley's catalog, held it all together.

I guess at this point I should take a minute to discuss screws, bronze or stainless. Our boat is old enough to have iron screws. Only steel or stainless steel fasteners should be used below the waterline in hulls built before 1973 (before hull #1536), otherwise rapid deterioration of the existing fasteners may result from galvanic action between dissimilar metals (this is right off the Beetle Cat website).

Rebuilding of *Escape*

By Jay Lippert

Reprinted from *The Beetle Sheet*
Newsletter of the New England
Beetle Cat Boat Association

After I had the transom in, our neighbor rented the house and the tenant wanted the garage for his stuff. So out came *Escape* to live on the trailer. That was late spring 2011.

Fast forward to August 2013. Dawn and I were in Port Jefferson on the north shore of Long Island. Port Jefferson Village is a long time historic maritime community, I have been building half hull ship models since early 2010 and, as I am always eager to learn more about the process, we attended a demonstration at the Long Island Seaport and Ecology Center (LISEC) on half hull building. The demo was on the site of the old Bayles Ship Yard, a historic shipyard located at Port Jefferson. It includes the 1897 Bayles Chandlery, the 1917 Machine Shop and Mould Loft and the 1917 Compressor House.

LISEC built a boat shop just north of the old building complex. They accept wooden boat projects that have historical significance to Port Jefferson, Long Island, or the maritime community in general. Our Beetle Cat fit the bill. So in September 2013 we started restoring *Escape* in earnest. Volunteers were assigned to my project. Several board members with years of wooden boat restoration experience evaluated *Escape* to see if we could restore her within our budget, which they determined we could.

Numerous volunteers, all experienced boat builders, and I started stripping the hull so we could move her inside before the weather turned cold. As with all restoration projects, once things are uncovered other issues are found. This is when we found the ribs that needed sistering as well as coming to the realization that the centerboard box also needed replacing. I always had a feeling it would but once we looked at it became more obvious. We also then realized the garboards were sprung, not due to the garboards but to the keel. The rest of the hull and fastening looked fine.

I used a Dremel tool with a small cutting bit to route around the screw heads in the garboards, almost cutting through, and then just popped the planks off. Jim took vise grips and removed all the old screws. We only had one of the old iron screws that gave us a hard time, having to be drilled out. Once the planks came off, we removed the keel.



Before we get too deep into things I wanted take a minute to discuss safety around the shop. We all wear gloves when appropriate, dust masks, hearing protection when appropriate and the most important piece of safety equipment, safety glasses. These can be purchased online from a variety of sources as well as from a place like Home Depot or Lowes.

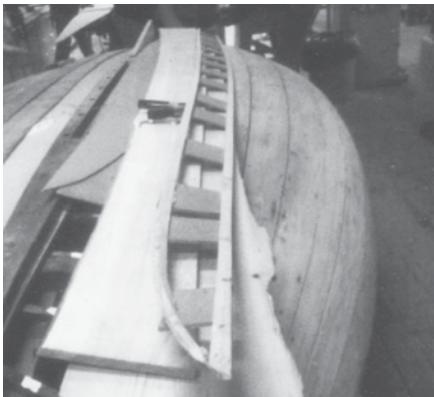
Pay close attention, there were small cut nails holding the ribs to the keel. A Sawzall took care of them. It should be noted that the keel and centerboard box came out as a unit. I then bought a keel/centerboard box/skeg as a unit from Beetle Cat. We ordered everything assembled and took a day to run up to the factory Open House to make the pick up and chat with the staff there. Not only was this a huge time saver, it ensured everything would fit, as it should. Everyone was very helpful and very into Beetles! Michelle has been great throughout the project. She's been very patient with me and all my questions.

Once the garboards and keel came out, the real shipwright work started. Jim is seen in one photo vacuuming and inspecting the hull now that the keel/centerboard assembly was out. Next came the pattern making for the stern post and garboards. I was out for the fabrication of the stern post. The guys did an outstanding job making a new one from white oak. While we're talking about wood, only white oak should be used for this piece. Red oak, while a tempting substitute, doesn't hold up in a wet environment. It has a tendency to absorb water and rot very quickly.



Once the keel assembly was in, the patterns for the garboards were next. It just so happened that we got our copy of *Wooden-Boat* magazine the day we started on the garboards. In the March/April 2014 edition, authors described a technique of using strips of wood against the planks above and below the one needed to be replaced, then taking pieces of wood to hold the shape. At that point the pattern can be removed and then placed over the wood to be cut into a plank.

This is exactly what we did, screwing pine strips into several ribs and then hot gluing pieces of MDF onto the strips. We then popped off the pattern, placed it on lauan plywood to make a full size pattern we could put on the boat and planks we got from Beetle. In the photo you can see the finished pattern in place. We then placed the plywood on the full size plank, traced it and cut it to the line. Next we planed it to the final shape of the boat.



I can't emphasize enough the importance of sharp planes. We would remove several full length ribbons that were paper thin, test fit the plank and remove more where needed. This was a slow, meticulous process resulting in a near perfect fit. For the starboard side, all we did was trim the pattern from the other side. We were all amazed that both sides were nearly the same. There was little "racking" of the hull. It was a comfort to know that the whole boat was nearly plumb. Not bad for a boat nearly 50 years old.

Once we cut and shaped the planks, we set up the steam box. Each plank stayed in the box for about an hour. We staged all the tools and clamps we needed along with screws prior to removing the plank. Work time with the hot planks was about three to four minutes at the most. We fastened both planks with stainless screws, all going in well.

Remember your safety equipment when working with the steam box, including glasses and gloves. The chance of snapping a plank here is pretty good if you don't let it steam for a while. Again, you only get two eyes. A pair of safety glasses is cheap when compared to the cost of losing an eye. Caulking went well. It took Michelle several emails before I actually grasped the concept.

Again I went to Beetle Cat for the cotton caulking. They have a complete list of everything we needed to restore the boat, the list can be found on their website. West Marine supplied the Life Caulk and Interlux primer. The process was fairly simple, use the primer to paint the seams, then add the cotton caulking. We spent a good bit of time watching videos on how to caulk on YouTube.

Because the planking on the Beetle Cat is only $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick, we learned we couldn't use the traditional method of making up a seam with a mallet and hitting cotton into the seam. We used a dowel with a cup hook at the end to twist the cotton making some thicker where needed. One seam was open about $\frac{3}{16}$ ", it was right on the beam at the waterline. It took three strands of cotton to fill the gap so it was just snug. Remember, you don't want to pack the seam because the planks could split apart when the hull swells.

So here we are at this time. There will be another installment when we are done.



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A black and white photograph of a man working on a small wooden boat, likely an Expedition Wherry. He is kneeling on the shore, leaning into the boat, which is partially submerged in water. The boat has a single oar resting on its side. The background shows dense foliage and trees, suggesting a natural, outdoor setting.

Expedition Wherry

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How many times have I told customers that, here at the building supplies store where I work? But I'm getting ahead of my story...

When I left you, last episode, I was all pumped up with pride over the success of my canoe rowing project. That continues to be a source of satisfaction and amusement, even if we are still held hostage by the tides and, as it happens, the wind. I did finally get Kathy out in the canoe on an evening when there was quite a lot of sea running. Once in the boat, things were quite pleasant and comfortable. However, launching and beaching were a bit more exciting than she, or I, would have preferred.

Of course, if there's a sea running there's a reason, wind. After 20 minutes of pulling against a steady and stout breeze, it felt good to turn around and run downwind back to home port. Even with two of us in the canoe, she lifted her stern to the following sea with the same aplomb with which she parted the marching ranks of a head sea. Point made and verified, the boat will tolerate more wind and waves than I will generally set off in. I'm a big fan of boats that are more willing and able than I am.

Next on the "Getting Ready for the New Boating Season" list were the topping lift cum lazy jacks, sail cover and a motor mount for *Ellie-Xander*. The topping lift was pretty straight forward. Three strap eyes, one cheek block and a heap of $\frac{3}{16}$ " line were purchased, locally. Having a commercial shipyard nearby is a splendid thing, even when your ship is only 16' long. I had thought about getting the cheek block and strap eyes online, for the usual reasons, cheap and convenient.

Turns out, if you're looking for a small number of small boat parts, they're not cheaper online. In addition to the negligible cost of the items, there was an extra \$5 charge because my purchase was so puny and an \$18 shipping charge! The company was pleased to inform me that if I increased the value of my purchase to \$98 or more, the shipping would be "free." How sweet of them. This is a company in Nova Scotia, about 150m from where I live, and they wanted \$23 shipping and handling for four items that would all fit in the palm of my hand and weigh about as much as a set of car keys. No wonder we start to sound like our fathers did when they were our age. But I digress...

A stop at the A.F. Theriault Shipyard in Meteghan River turned up four stainless steel strap eyes for 99¢ each and they were happy to order in the identical cheek block I found online for the same \$22.99, no shipping charge at all. And they assured me that I could pick it up in two days. I could, and I did. It took a pleasant evening's work, eight pop rivets and a dab of quick set epoxy to get everything installed and tested. If you'll permit me to indulge myself, again, I thought the net effect looked very "shippy." It soon got to prove its utility during the sea trials of the motor mount, which we'll get to forthwith.

The material for the sail cover came from yet another shipyard, Comeau Marine Rail-way, right next to the marina. While it is admirably functional, I'm considerably less proud of the visual effect of this device. The idea was to keep the sail on the boom when not out sailing, thereby saving the ten minutes it took to hank it on and even more time removing, folding and stowing the sail every trip.

Alas, my admittedly crude first attempt at a sail cover may not save quite as much time as I'd hoped. Having done it twice now,

St Mary's Bay Chronicles #15

"Screws are Strong in Tension, but Weak in Shear"

By Ernie Cassidy
upcloseconcerts@eastlink.ca



getting it off goes pretty quickly, but putting it back on, especially by myself, takes a lot longer than I had anticipated, even with the help of the lazy jacks. So I'm already working on Revision 2.0 of the sail cover.

This would have been a much easier device to manufacture if I hadn't installed the lazy jacks. Essentially, it would be a simple waterproof wrapping around a neatly folded bundle of sail cloth. Except, of course, without the lazy jacks it is hard to keep a neat bundle of sail cloth perched on the boom while you put on the sail cover, especially if you're by yourself. No wonder one of the nautical terms for crewmen is "hands."

The lazy jacks require that the sides of the sail cover be slit to allow it to drop down past the lazy jacks. And that slice has to stop at just the right place, far enough "up" to let the cover lie on the bundle of sail cloth, but not so far "up" that it lets in the rain that the sail cover is meant to keep away from the folds of sail cloth, where it would sit for days and encourage mildew.

Another complication is the fact that this sail is battened along the leach. As a result that "neatly folded bundle of sail cloth" I had envisioned, lying all tidy and compact under my new sail cover, is not so easy to achieve. Turns out that the battens always end up at an oblique angle to that neat fold you're trying to produce. So you wind up with great lumps of sail strapped down here and not so much just over there, wondering all the while how the stitching on the batten pockets is holding up.

Why is it that everything to do with boats is a compromise? The upshot of all this is that my usual cut and try methodology didn't work out as well as anticipated, so I will be having another go at this soon. However, the season is young, V.1.0 will suffice for a few days [or weeks], even if I'm not so proud of the aesthetics of the end result.

And now we come to the centerpiece of the enterprise, the mounting bracket for the 40lb 2.5hp Evinrude. Have you priced

a motor bracket for a small boat lately? For starters, they don't exactly look like they're made for small boats, and the \$300+ sticker price doesn't strike me as small either. No wonder we start to sound like our fathers did when they were our age. But I digress...

The smallest bracket I could find was rated for "...up to a 15hp motor weighing up to 115lbs!" If I owned a boat that required that much urging to shove it through the water, I might be able to live with the \$300 and 15% sales tax but, boy, oh boy, "free" shipping. However, another strike against an over the counter motor mount is the fact that mine is intended for extremely intermittent use. When I say "intermittent," I mean just getting out, and back in, through the narrow entrance to the marina, five minutes total running time tops. All this is because the venturi effect between the wharf on one side and the breakwater on the other can make getting in or out of the narrow gap between them challenging at best, and arduous at worst, when I'm bucking the wind under oars or sail.

The First Mate, always the preferred crew, was finding the challenging part somewhat boring and the tricky part a bit frightening. She did not find my repeated assurances that almost bashing into that big expensive boat was not at all the same thing as actually bashing into it especially reassuring or comforting. And even I have to agree that, if you haven't made it out of the marina entrance after nine tacks, something besides your seamanship needs improving. Finally, there's no denying that a motor would be nice to have along on that bad day when we find ourselves four miles away from the marina and the wind dies away to flat calm. That hasn't happened yet, but it could, any time.

So we have a motor. All we have to do now is get it connected to the boat. Quite by coincidence, the cost of the used Evinrude two stroke motor, a brand new gas tank and brand new fuel line was \$300, plus 15% sales tax, from the local Honda dealer who had taken it in trade on one of his posh four strokers. Am I alone in my feeling that there's something "wrong" with spending as much on a bracket as I spent on the motor itself? Oh good. I was afraid I was just being a bit of a crank.

Also, I'm not sure I could live with the looks of the over the counter bracket. These things are uglier than that big wart on Uncle Tim's nose. No offense intended to all the Uncle Tims out there, warted or otherwise. The thought of this excrescence permanently hanging off the back of what I have, more than once, described as "kind of a pretty boat" was, and remains, anathema. This is especially so because I had no intention of leaving the motor (not exactly a visual amenity itself) in place while actually sailing.

My picture of how the motor would be used was as follows; plug in the motor bracket, hang the motor, chug chug out the mouth of the marina, circle into the lee of the big wharf, chuck the motor under the bench seat, unplug the motor bracket, drop on the rudder and get on with the real sailing. I could see this happening as smoothly and smartly, in my mind's eye, as you could ever hope for. Cautionary note, the mind's eye is not always a trustworthy device, as will become evident further on. But I digress...

As you can see (I hope) in the photos, the bracket I designed is a clever piece of work. It "keys" into one of the sturdiest parts of the boat and it can be installed and removed in less time than it will take you to

read this paragraph. It tucks out of the way, in the hold, when not needed. And best of all, it probably cost about \$8 plus my labor. The basic material is pressure treated 2"x4" stock; one long cross piece, two short arms that extend out through the tiller port (under the traveler rail) and a short bridging block to which the motor mounts.



The long cross piece bears against the section of built up deck at the stern of the boat to which the traveler is mounted. This is, in effect, a stout U section beam meant to resist the upward pull of the main sheet. The short arms of the motor bracket bear against the bottom of the aluminum traveler, poke out the back of the boat and locate the motor at the correct height to submerge the propeller and far enough back to allow one to work the controls and let the drive unit tilt up when it needs to.

As with the canoe rowing project, there are a few little fiddly bits to this thing that are not so obvious in the photos and aren't interesting enough to elaborate on. I don't think I will be deluged with requests for plans since this will only work with a C&L 16. And you'd have to be pathologically thrifty, and more than a little stubborn, to want build one of your own. Still and all, when I took those photos (safe and secure in my backyard), I was quite pleased with myself. Really thought I had this nailed. I mean, look at the photos, doesn't it appear to be a proper finished job?

Sure it does, except for one thing. As I was doing the final assembly, after the usual cut and try design phase, it occurred to me that it might be smart to through bolt the bridging block, on which the motor would hang,



to its two supporting arms. This would have required two 7"x3/8" carriage bolts and the matching nuts and washers. It being 8:30pm on a Friday night (with deployment planned for the following morning) and nary a hardware store open (no 24/7 Home Depots here in chronically rural Nova Scotia), I decided that six #8x4" long screws, well driven, would be strong enough.

This would be a pardonable mistake for someone who was completely clueless about fasteners. It was unpardonable for someone who knew that "screws are strong in tension, but weak in shear" and who knew that all the force exerted by the weight of the motor, and the twisting moment created by those 2.5 horses turning the prop, would have to be borne by those screws, in shear.

This set the stage for one of those comic, comic, that is, if it's happening to someone else, near catastrophes that anyone who has been around boats for a while will have been either a witness to or participant in, maybe more than once. You know the kind, one thing goes wrong, then the next, then one more...

Launch day was Saturday, June 22, the Summer Solstice. Seems like an auspicious day, what? Uhm, no. I've never believed in that stuff either and less so now. As it turned out, I had to bring the boat to the marina by myself. Not much of a problem except that, in order to keep the mast upright, there is a requirement to attach the forestay (insert pin and secure with circlip to the eye on the foredeck).

That requires a second person or arms that would impress a brachiating ape. That

second person would have to be recruited from the hoped for ranks of innocent passers by. As it happened, a total stranger, willing to help, came along a bit sooner than I was expecting. The qui pro quo, for me, was not detaining my Good Samaritan any longer than absolutely necessary. So the launching process proceeded at a somewhat accelerated pace.

Raise the mast, attach forestay, slide the boat off the trailer, tie off to one of a convenient row of pilings and wade ashore in knee deep water (cold water), park the truck and trailer away from the launching ramp, stash the wallet and the truck's ignition key and wade back out to the boat, now in waist deep water (the tide comes in quickly here). Plug in the motor bracket. Hang the motor. Connect the fuel line. Hey, this is going pretty well! Just as I'd envisioned it, in my mind's eye.

There was a bit of a breeze coming on and I was thinking, "This is why it's good to have a motor, save that hard pull to windward to reach the float." So I slid the throttle control to the mark the Evinrude manual said it should be at when starting the motor. Yes, I'm one of those strange guys who reads the manual, asks for directions and indulges in other atypically male behaviors. As further instructed by the manual, I used the "Prime Knob" to fire a snort of fuel into the carburetor, thereby alerting the 2.5 horses that it would soon be time to do some work. Then I gave a mighty heave on the starter cord.

Did I mention that it's a direct drive motor?

To be continued...





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This is your first glimpse of the next boat the Paines are starting. It's going to be a Caledonia Yawl and I'm sure it'll be a superior boat like all the rest of the boats they've made. Rex and Kathy are the world's best builders, but they really suck at selling them and usually end up giving them away. Remember the No Man's Land Boat or some of the melon-seeds? Sold for less than the cost of materials. If you've always wanted one of these, make sure you jump in when I tell you it's for sale.



Two Melonseeds, Wally's here with his son playing in the river and the first sail of Richard Honan's new boat. The rig will be fine when he gets it adjusted. You can see why I think battens are useless on these square sails.



From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas



My Core Sound 17 is a fine boat even if it does have snotters, turns out that they work really well on this rig, the sprit booms make the whole thing easy to get up and down and adjust.



Jose did a great job on this boat about six years ago but the poor thing sat unused for a long time and small amounts of water found its way into things. You know how that works, give it a tiny little opening for enough time and water gets in and rot starts eating away on the wood. I kept finding spots while I was refinishing it and thought I had it all taken care of all of the little soft places. On this maiden trial sail I noticed a small amount of water oozing in around the drain plug, no big deal I thought 'til I got back and poked it with my knife. Here's what the tiny leak ended up looking like. I used a little bad language, not because of the big hole but

because of where it is, right under that board/seat thing so it's hard to get to, it figures. The guys looked at it, laughed at me and walked away. Now I have to lift the whole thing off it's trailer, sand all around and patch it. Good thing I do this a lot.



Sandy loaded up his little tug and headed off to the lakes of upper New York State. He'll leave it there with his daughter to play with. It didn't get used much here but will be perfect there putting around the lake for afternoon wine trips.



I want to see this one in the "New Launch" section of Duckworks. Steve's paddleboard turned out to be really good. It's 10' long, 3' wide and only weighs 20lbs. Instead of just taking a big piece of foam and carving it into shape, he made it from 1/2" foam on an internal framework of foam and then glassed the whole thing. When he got close to the beach I sat on it and Laylah told me I was way too fat.



I pulled *Helen Marie* out of the water to check things out and was surprised at how good everything looked except the this tiny little area of the water intake, you know, the little screen place where all the cooling water comes in. Well, it was all full of worm poop that stopped almost all of the water. Little white worms were inside of this space and had filled the whole thing up with thick brown stuff. It wasn't up the tube into the engine, just packed in the space where the screens are. Ernie, my biologist neighbor, told me what kind of worms they were but I forgot.



This is what our "Mega Yacht" looked like before Howard cut it all up for its rebuild. There are millions of these things out there and in my opinion they're all useless in this configuration.



I've been known to bad mouth most of Bolger's designs as looking boxy, but I'll make an exception for this schooner. It's about 30' long, has a flat bottom and looks great. Howard's always wanted a schooner so I thought this may be the one for him, then I heard from some of you guys. Turns out that it's really, really fast but also really tippy. Museum John says it's a 30' Laser and will dump your ass in a second if you don't have a crew of four or five. On to Plan B.



Crazy Steve and Lenna are up at their place on Wolf Island on the St Lawrence River right now. He took his new sailboat with him and is having a ball with it, as seen here with two more boozers out in it with him. The drinking water for all these places comes right out of the river with no treatment. The Lee sail man is looking for a picture of one of his sails, here's one, notice the lack of battens for a perfect shape.



Chuck the Duck of Duckworks magazine went up to Lake Powell on a kayak trip with some of his pals. Says the lake level is down 100' and good camping places were few and far between. Hot and dry describes this area. How can there be nothing growing along the shore? Surely some grass seed would blow in, something? These pitiful little scrub plants don't really qualify. He said that he was clipping right along with this umbrella sail. Helen and I were there a few years ago and almost drowned in the lake. We hadn't swam in fresh water in decades and didn't float at all.



Here they are in a big bunch, fine looking group. Chuck is the funny looking one. He always seems to be in really hot places, he needs to go up to Massachusetts next winter and go ice rowing with Richard Honan. Then he could say he knows crazy people who are hot and cold.



Stan continues to make progress on the junk, the rudders are perfect, this thing gets bigger and bigger, all 16' of it.



What do you do when you're a successful business man, have beautiful women falling all over you and know pretty much everything there is to know (kind of like me and Whalen)? What you shouldn't do is build a boat! All of a sudden you know nothing and start to question your whole life. How can this be so hard when it looks so easy? Fland Sharp did just that and is doing a fine job of it but it's taking way longer than he thought, good thing he's not paying by the hour. This boat is a Point Comfort 18 skiff and it looks like a nice boat.

The cover of the magazine 'messing about in BOATS'. The title is in large, bold, sans-serif letters. Above the title, there is a small illustration of a sailboat. To the right of the title, there is a column of text under the heading 'Special Features This Issue'. The text includes: 'Goodbye to Steven Young: Across the West', 'Lifetime Sailor Switches to Monohull', 'Letter from Peter', 'No Engine Left Behind', and 'Cruising on the Schenectady'. At the bottom of the cover, it says 'Volume 32 - Number 3' and 'July 2014'.

Once in a while Bob hits a home run with the cover of MAIB. This is one of the best pictures of a boat under sail I've ever seen. Note the perfect shape of the sail, the nice bow wave flowing down the hull and the cool, calm relaxed look of the guy sailing this little beauty. Lenna Andrews took this shot at Cedar Key last May of me zipping along in a good blow. And no, I don't need no stinking reef.



Ron and Dale of the West Coast Trailer Sailors rented a little trawler on the Erie Canal and spent a week singing the canal song. They met up with a couple of other of their guys. Ron says that sailboats are great but this trawler really has its appeal, air conditioning and all.



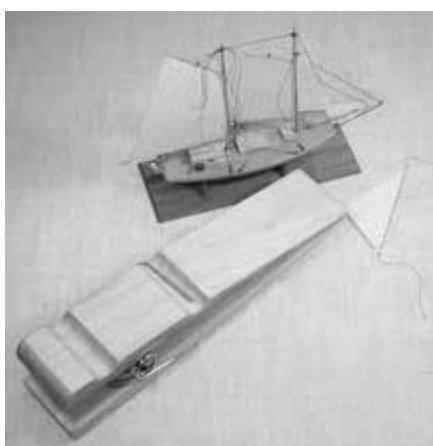
It's a Nomad and it's all glass and very little wood, my kind of boat.



They even went to the Buffalo Maritime Center and talked to our old buddy Roger Allen. You know, this is the way to do a trip like this. Ron says it was a lot of fun.



Me fixing the big hole in the bottom of the new boat. Why would anyone own a boat?



Two little boats: Greg G from Buffalo has this Bolger "Teal" that looks to me like something that will get you all cramped up with a wet butt and need to be lifted out. It seems that a lot of Bolger's boats have this external chine strip. Irwin Schuster (Pop I to some of us) has made either a really tiny sailboat or a really big clothespin. I'm inclined to go with the big clothespin because the boat would be impossibly small to make. I want to see the boat in his hand.



Stan's Junk is becoming the hit of the shop. Visitors can't believe what they're looking at. This boat started out as a joke to some of us but it's really coming together and the thing is huge, all 16' of it. There are no straight lines anywhere and look at the headroom he's made for himself, he can stand up and put his pants on in this one. If you're confused, that's the front porch he's standing in with the big window toward the bow. You can tell the front from the back cause there's a motor and rudders on the back. Like most of the boats here, he just makes it up as he goes along. That's why it's so much fun going out to the shop to see the strange stuff. Miss a week and there's no telling what we'll see.



Don't ask me how he does it, you just look up and something new's been added or he'll have the hydraulics for the trim tabs or steering pulled out of the boat and taken apart getting rebuilt.



Speaking of making it up as you go along, Howard has his own idea of what a proper boat should look like and this ain't it. There are a million of this same style boat out there, stored away in high and dry storage places, taken out three times a year or just stuck out in a field like this one. It came to us as a really, really ugly 23' Sea Ray and it's starting to look like something that will actually be useful. Steve keeps finding these same boats in this same condition on craigslist all the time for the price of "come and take it away for free." We actually pulled this thing about five miles home on that trailer with those tires. Steve was following me and couldn't believe we made it. He called me a couple of times telling me to stop because one of the tires had fallen off or a spring had broken and the boat was sitting on the axle. No traffic and going real slow made it home. Would any of you have pulled this one out of the mud and dragged it home? I think Steve and I did it as a joke on Howard.

The stool is there to find the height for the seats, he showed me some store bought captain's chairs for \$1,700 each that look nice but since that exceeds the budget for the whole damn boat I told him to pass. Wood is way cheaper.



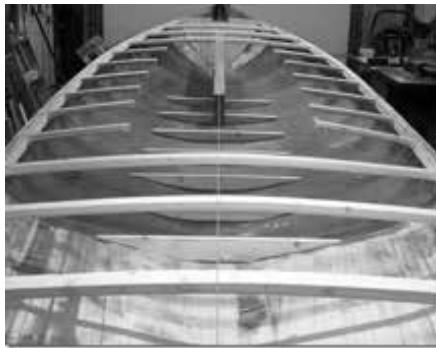
Continuing with the strange boat theme, lets go on to Wally. This hull started life as a 19' Lightning sailboat and will end up as a hard topped motor launch. Washington Dan is really loving all these repurposed boats.



Hard to recognize isn't it?

It's starting to look like a boat instead of a hull full of junk. The engine box really cleaned things up.

It's going to be pretty cool when he's finished with lots of fancy dodads and such and some kind of outboard on the back. No telling how he'll handle that installation, you know it won't be just hung on the transom. Why let a perfectly good hull go when you can turn it into a really strange ass something else?



Kevin Lott, the Southern Boy from up somewhere north of Atlanta, is back working on his Cortez Melonseed. You can tell that he's enjoying the process by the fine craftsmanship seen here. Nothing just thrown together on this one. We always say "it's just a boat, we ain't building a violin," but some of these boats could be. The black stuff must be some kind of filler.

I never
make the same mistake twice.
I make it like five or six times,
you know,
just to be sure.

Since some of you guys are boat builders this applies to you, all of you. This kind of stupidity would normally get you called a dumb ass, but in our shop it's just business as usual.



Next time you're in Charleston be sure to find Capt Dave and go on his harbor tour (Agile Harbor Tours) in his Navy Liberty boat. Dave's just funny looking enough to make sure you have a great time. I knew Dave back when he had a stress filled life before he realized that we only have so much time and it's too short to sweat the load a whole lot. He looks pretty stress free here.



I accuse Sandy of building his pretty little boats and never using them. I guess he showed me, here's a bunch of his boats up on a lake in the Adirondacks in New York State. All these folks are part of his extended family and Sandy made all of these boats. OK, so you really do use them. You can forget it, I doubt if he'll make you one.



Hugh in shop with pirogue underway.

A Close Friendship

By Susan Guthrie

Hugh Guthrie, 87 of Wanaque, NJ, recently successfully completed building his second boat from scratch. This time the boat building project was with the help of his 17-year-old grandson, Carter Guthrie. Hugh obtained the Phil Bolger plans from an ad in *Messing About In Boats* and constructed a seaworthy 13' two-man pirogue. The two men started construction last summer and recently took their maiden voyage on the lake bordering Carter's home in West Milford, NJ. The Guthrie family and friends are extremely proud of this team.

Carter is a high school senior who uses the boat daily. Hugh has enjoyed decades of sailing and rowing pleasure mostly on the waterways of New York and New Jersey. Although their new pirogue is certainly a truly prized possession, the real product of this endeavor is the close friendship shared by two sailors from different generations. Congratulations Hugh and Carter and thank you *Messing About In Boats* for promoting boat building and boating enjoyment.



Hugh and Carter at the launch.

Bad news, good news, I like to say. The bad news is that things never turn out as well as I expect. The good news is that I always remember them better than they were. That might sound cynical, even pessimistic. But think about it. This is merely a realistic description of an optimist. If things actually turned out as well as expected, then clearly there was room for more optimism beforehand. And if I don't remember things better than they were, well, I'm not much of an optimist. In fact, if my psyche can't manage that sleight of mind I'm a set up for depression or at least immobility.

It's those high expectations which get us off the line and our strategic amnesia guarantees repetition. I distinctly recall one particular exhausted moment when I slid the loading ramp up under the truck bed, pulled the cargo door down and turned to my wife. "That's the last U-Haul move I'm going to make."

"That's what you said last time," my wife dutifully reminded me. This was the fourth move in five years and I went on to make two more. The last added a U-Haul trailer to the truck. However, the fourth move stands out because of my wife's comment. It just plain went against the grain of that strategic amnesia which is so necessary.

These principles, the bad news and the good news, explain why the most satisfying ventures are not infrequently the least pleasurable. It's been true for me. I can think of two. Both were in late fall when wilderness areas are more like wilderness. For three weeks I saw no one. On both I was underequipped, at least with respect to comfort. The backpacking trip became memorable for the plastic tube tent and 18° mornings when thin silk gloves kept my fingers from freezing to the brass stove. Of course, I had



Bad News, Good News

the insulation of youth. The boating trip came later and was even more memorable.

The Colorado River and Green River converge about 60 miles downstream from Moab and Green River, Utah, respectively. During the summer they're nice floats for canoes, rafts or touring kayaks and are extremely popular. Except for a few rafters everyone stops at The Confluence just above Cataract Canyon, which is nonstop Class V water before it dumps into Lake Powell. Conveniently paddlers and their boats can catch a jet boat shuttle from The Confluence back up the Colorado to Moab.

Eschewing crowds one year I headed downstream after the shuttle ended October 31. The crowds were gone and the experience was very different. It was not just the solitude which made for a different trip. After the usual one week paddle downstream I spent the next two weeks paddling back

upstream. Where summer boaters had water fights with super soakers or tumbled out of rafts for a lark and swim, I had 40° air temperature and 40° water temperature.

That was significant because of long stretches with sheer canyon walls. Any canoeing mishap would not be the joking matter of summer. No room for error created an edge, marginal gear and food supplies added to the edge. Plus, excluding the paddle downstream, everything posed a chore. For drinking water a bucket stood overnight while iodine did its job, come morning I'd carefully siphon the water off the sediment. After a day of paddling and sloshing upstream my cold toes craved the chimney stove I'd fashioned from a gallon can. Twigs crackled, metal sides glowed, toes were happy. On desert rivers "pack everything out" means everything and the most fundamental mortal experience becomes complicated. I'll spare you the details.

The funny thing is that when I regained Shangri La, my car that led to supermarket or restaurant and any food I wanted, the motel with wall thermostat and every convenience of indoor plumbing, it all seemed too easy, almost meaningless. Bucket, iodine and siphoning had added not just potability but meaning to my water. On a follow up trip with jet boat return, I realized another advantage to the earlier trip's challenge. The jet boat was just too abrasive after paddling between silent, red rock walls where the wing flap of a raven resonated. I don't oppose powerboats on any puritanical grounds, only aesthetic. That includes the speed and culture shock of too rapid a return to the "real world" (or "superficial world," take your pick.) And so I'm sure I'll return to desert waters and next time in winter. I know my late fall trip wasn't the pleasure I'd expected. I remember it as even better.

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I met Tom in 1965. On our first date we put on our motorcycle helmets and canoeed the flooding Wissahickon Creek in Philadelphia, a fast and wet ride through the rapids. Little did I know then that this was the first of a lifetime of maritime adventures with Tom. I couldn't swim and had never been in a boat before except the Cape May Ferry, eventually there was a song about me, "Oh, the things we do for love..."

Tom was adventurous and a creative thinker. The canoe soon had an outrigger and a lateen sail. His ice skates were enhanced with a huge square sail made of a flowered sheet. When Tom held onto the frame, he couldn't see in front of him. The other skaters on the pond would scatter in fear.

Eventually he began designing more conventional craft for us and for customers. Tom was a famously bad salesman. Once he had a commission to build a cruising boat for an elderly client who, a few weeks after sending the deposit, wrote Tom saying he had just learned that Tom was a smoker. "I don't want you to build the boat," he wrote. "You smoke and you might die before it's finished."

Tom sent the money back with a note, "I just learned that you're pretty old. I don't want to build a boat for you, because you might die before it's finished."

Another potential customer came to see a just completed Tuckahoe Catboat. It was green with white decks and a varnished cabin. The man asked what other colors it came in. Tom told the man that he could buy just about any color at Sears and paint it himself.

Tom built a pretty little 21' motor cruiser, *Elegant Slider*, on spec. It had a small diesel engine and sat beguilingly in our front yard for several months with a "For Sale" sign on it. All the neighbors loved it but no one bought it so we decided to motor it down to Florida to reach a larger audience. We docked it in Ft Lauderdale after a beautiful cruise through the Everglades. It was dwarfed by the surrounding megayachts, and two weeks later, still no buyers. We left *Slider* with a broker in Melbourne and flew home.



Elegant Slider

One week later our neighbor Robert Hazard, of the rock group Robert Hazard and the Heroes, stopped over. "Where's that little boat?" he asked. "I've got to have it." So we had *Slider* trucked back up to Tuckahoe where Robert and his family enjoyed her until his untimely death a few years later.

Like Robert, many of Tom's customers became our good friends. It's still a pleasure to me to keep up with them and with the many kindred spirits we met on our travels. Sometimes when I'm traveling I see a Jones Boat in a harbor, and that's always nice.

We sailed every summer from 1973 until 2002 when Tom's failing health limited him to day sailing and El Toro racing. We did six trans Atlantic crossings, in multihulls that Tom designed, and several trips to Bermuda as well as short jaunts to New England and Chesapeake Bay. He loved the way our celestial navigation always found our landfalls

Thomas Firth Jones

An Unauthorized Biography

By Carol Jones



Tom in Sweden in 2006.

spot on. He loved the excitement of meeting new people, eating new foods (no corned beef hash, please!) and speaking new languages. We learned Portuguese from records for our first trip to the Azores and returned there often, our favorite foreign port. He even loved the vagaries of the weather in mid Atlantic. My own, more skeptical, reaction to a beautiful morning was usually, "Sure, it's nice NOW..." Tom saw bad weather as a challenge, though he never sought it out, and we planned our trips with pilot charts in hand.

Since our boats were so minimally equipped, there were no complicated systems to break down or need parts, and since he had built the boats himself and always had on board hand tools, fasteners and fittings, as well as some spare wood, we were confident that he could repair or replace things even at sea. Over the course of the years I watched Tom build a new rudder, repair a daggerboard and splice a boom in mid ocean. When our mast broke because of a failed masthead fitting while leaving the Canaries, Tom rigged the storm jib on the boom mounted vertically, and we made it back to Tenerife to build a new mast. Usually we didn't have a motor on board.

Tom and I had favorites among his designs. We didn't much like motors on sailboats but *Puxe*, our 22'x4'10" motor launch, was perfect for nature appreciation upriver or a brisk ride down to a local gin mill in Great Egg Bay. *Puxe* is pronounced "poosh" and means "pull" in Portuguese, which is momentarily confusing when confronting a door in the Azores.



Puxe

Among our multihulls, Tom's favorite was our last catamaran *Dandy*, a handy sailer and a good platform for his experimental tendencies. The biplane rig was not a raging suc-

cess but it did attract attention. My favorite multihull was our trimaran *Verdelhao*. Tom didn't like heeling, and neither did I, but lots of people noticed how beautiful she was. Once we sailed into Santa Cruz de la Palma and a French sailor called over, "Elle est tres belle." At first I thought he meant me, but I was flattered anyway when I figured it out.



Dandy



Verdelhao

Among our daysailers, Tom favored the *Tuckahoe Ten*, but my choice was the *Mini-Garvey*, also 10' long. Tom liked sitting still and leaning for precision steering and managing gusts, and he liked how quietly it moved through the water. The garvey gave me more room to fidget and I love the thumping and splashing of that garvey bow. All our races with each other ended in ties. Tom took more chances but I paid more attention going to windward.



Mini-Garvey



Tuckahoe Ten

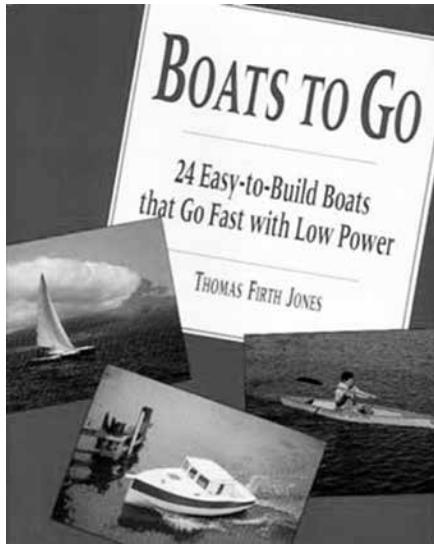
Most *Messing About in Boats* readers are probably already familiar with Tom's nautical books; *Low-Resistance Boats*, later republished as *Boats To Go*, *New Plywood Boats* and *Multihull Voyaging*. You might not know that, earlier in his career he wrote other published books, too, a biography of a cantankerous 18th century preacher, a guide to motorcycle enduros, a young adult novel about an outlaw biker searching for treasure in Mexico and a novella that cost him his job teaching seventh grade at a Quaker school because it was too racy. Nowadays the book would probably be on the seventh grade summer reading list.

Tom was a huge presence. Everything I know about boats I learned from him, as well as most of what I know about everything else. He was a curmudgeon but he had a generous heart and a real appreciation for all the world had to offer. I miss him, but in many ways he's still here.

A couple of weeks after Tom died I was out on the river in *Puxie*, our 22' motor launch. There was ethanol in the gas and I hadn't heard of Sta-bil yet, so the motor kept stalling whenever I throttled down. But I was upriver, the tide was ebbing, it was a beautiful early evening and I did have a paddle aboard so I anchored midstream before pulling the rope again or getting out the paddle.

I sat down to have a smoke when, suddenly, a voice from the sky called my name, "Carol, are you OK?" It sure sounded like Tom. I'm not a believer, but I stood up and started talking to the sky. "I'm OK," I shouted. "There's ethanol in the gas so the motor stalls, but I'm fine."

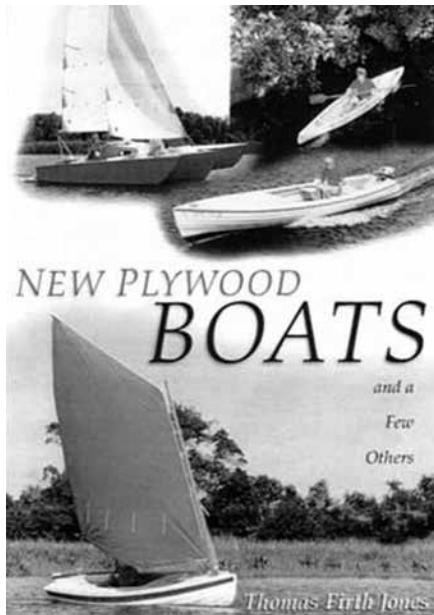
A few moments passed before the voice said, "I'm coming down." I wondered how he would get down. Wings? A golden ladder? I was hoping for a ladder so I could go up and take a look around, but soon I heard the sound of a motor approaching. It was a neighbor across the river who had been shouting at me from his deck. I guess it's just as well that Tom wasn't there to watch me dock the boat.



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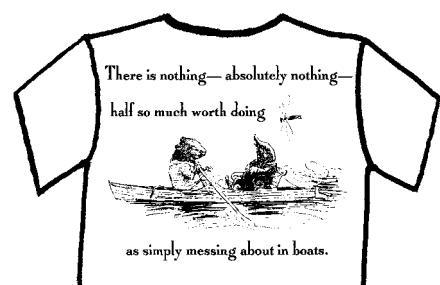
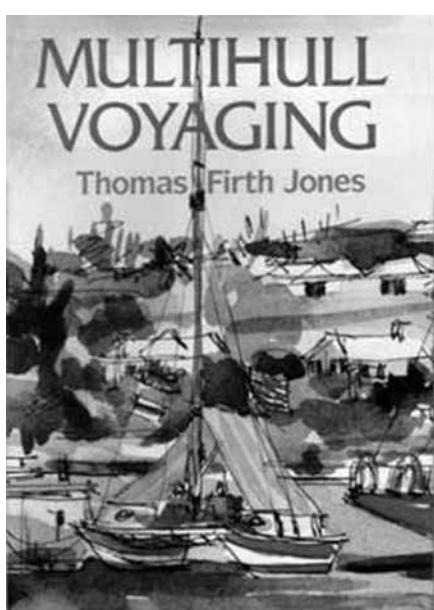
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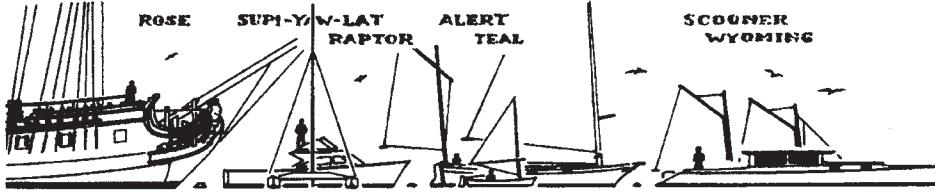


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Now this should look and sound somewhat familiar, again?! Design #633 "Windermere" was first published in the pages of *MAIB* in Vol 19, No 16 (January 1, 2002) on p28. She measures 31'x8'3"x10-12" (7-8,000lbs displacement) x1x50+9.9 kicker. Plans have been sold, we know of one modified hull built and launched recently, and we're awaiting more news and pictures of course.

More recently, last August in Vol 30, No 4 on pp36-39, one concept study extending her stern by some 7' was discussed, based on the otherwise unaltered hull of #633. This was in response to a couple's interest in an inshore/inland cruiser for two, plus overnight guests, for many months of itinerant lifestyle on the rivers, canals and stretches of the Intra-Coastal Waterway. Adding to #633's stern allowed a double berth with decent hanging and shelving spaces aft, left and right of her companionway up to her afterdeck which was significantly added to as well.

Then, last year, in the July 2013 issue (Vol 31, No 3, pp42-43) a concept study for a wider stern flavor was discussed. And that piece started with, "Now this should look and sound somewhat familiar..."

At any rate, if we'd consider that hull as Model 1, "Glasshouse Cruiser," then we'd arrive at 'Windermere-39 Model 2, "Raised Deck Cruiser." I'm not sure whether this second study on that hull will indicate yet another extended series on that hull. Of course, once you start thinking a bit more about her, then all sorts of visions may arise.

On this study, I should emphasize that I obviously kept it to a minimum in terms of relative prettiness and, of course, details, thus not suggesting the inherent absence of various details including masts and the dinghy across her stern. And there would be a range of visual options to further work on her aesthetics this way or that. For instance, a full width raised deck forward could be presented with a distinct break ahead of the wheelhouse to actually make it a raised deck type vs the current continuous flow in plan view inside

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Another Preliminary Study for "Windermere-39"

38'10"x8'6"x1'8"x 2x25-60hp

Part 2 of ?
Raised Deck' Cruiser

the sheer clamp. Or a larger port hole, or none, for the head, vertical staving visuals on the wheelhouse instead of the plain smooth surfaces shown with well coordinated paint-schemes, you can fine tune until you buy the paint. The just concluded series of variations on the Champlain-28 hull suggests the sound utility of exploring ergonomic and aesthetic opportunities.

With the July 2013 issue in hand for comparison, the changes to the "Glasshouse Cruiser" are substantial. For instance, ergonomically this version would offer more daily bending of knees and backs, rediscovery of the nearly forgotten muscle group somewhere via the lower headroom forward. On the other hand, one could also see this from the perspective that the inherently sedentary life aboard a powerboat would benefit from at least mild gymnastics in the form of bending the body some here and there, as long as hand holds support the movements.

There is no question that the "Glasshouse Cruiser" offer superb convenience to just step into the bow cockpit to tend to ground tackle and lines. Here you'd dive left, then forward, then back on centerline to stand hunched some to open hatch and companionway to at last go up a few steps to arrive in this bow cockpit. But what is a little bit of gymnastics when you have a very different raised deck profile, much less windage forward, the helm almost amidships, the option to keep the forward cabin pri-

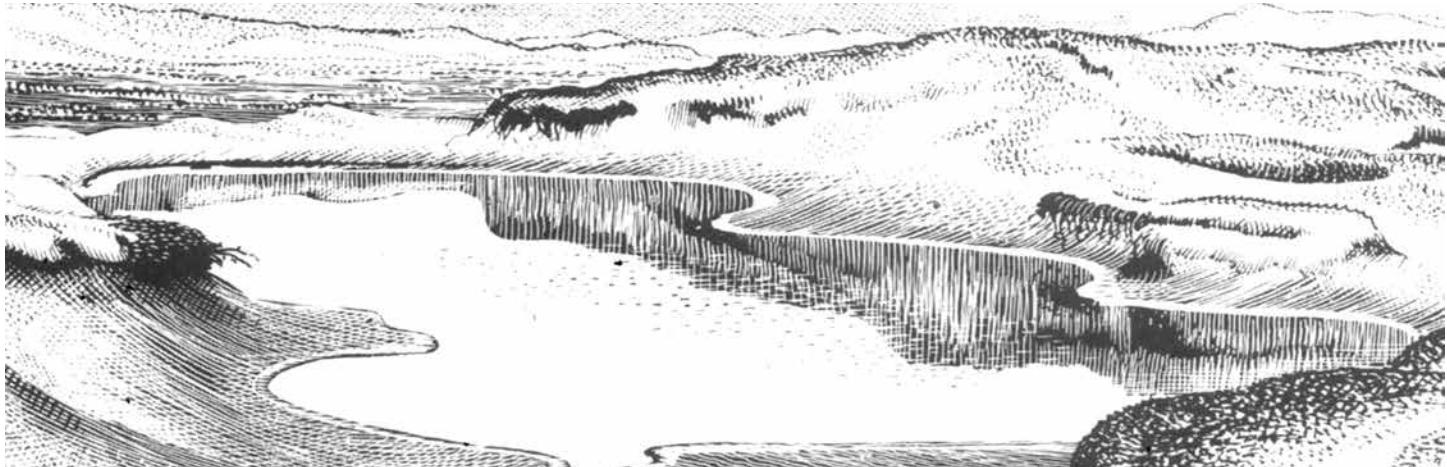
vate indeed when day guests come aboard? Different strokes for different boaters, as they say.

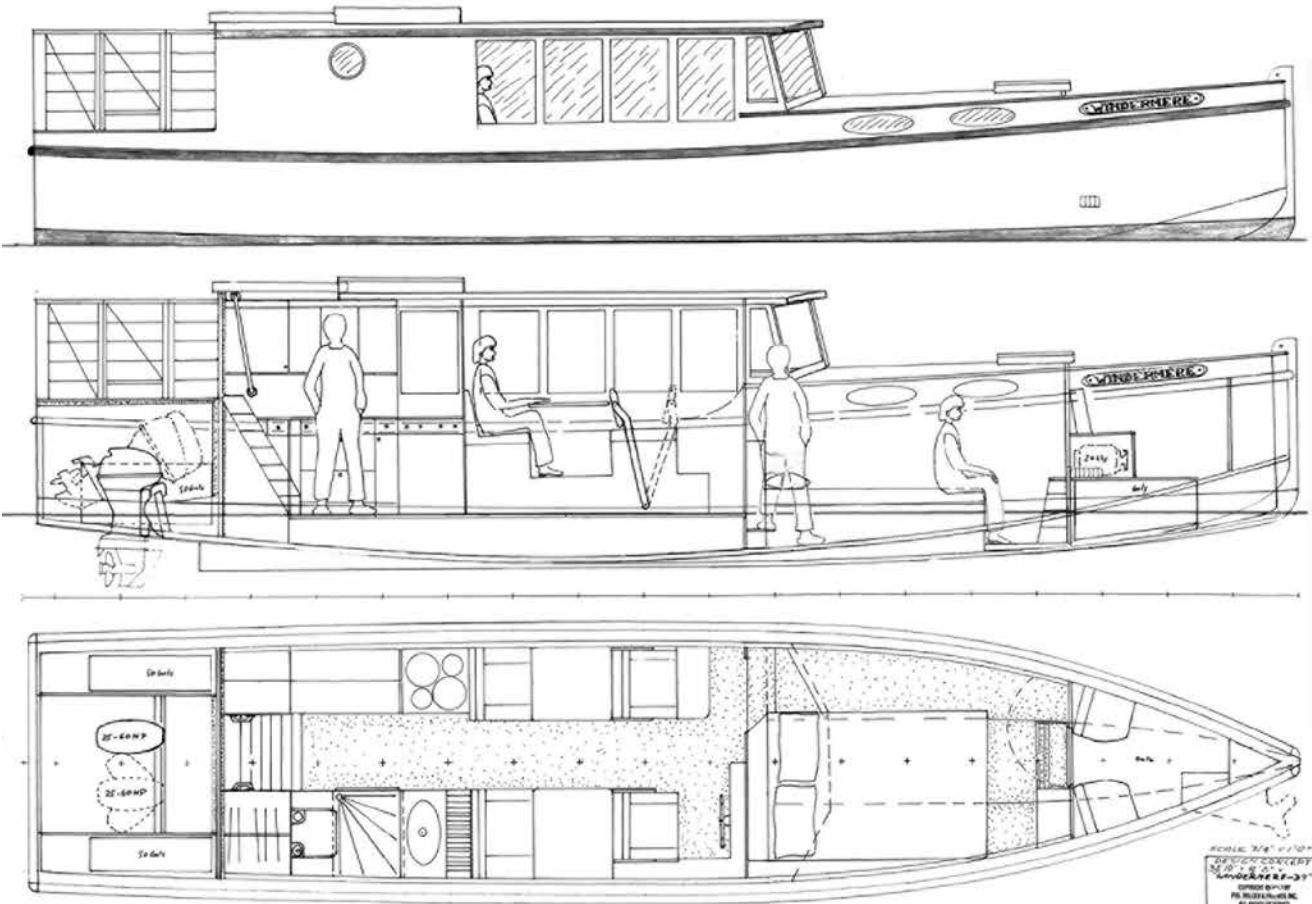
In direct comparison with the Model 1 study, you'd notice a few inches of deeper belly on this hull, a protection against weight gain that most cruisers are at risk of suffering from. But beyond that it is pretty much the same structure and shape as in Model 1. Not shown here as a matter of space on this preliminary study is the option to go with a deeper long keel for somewhat more drag, probably a bit larger turning radius but also greater steadiness in narrow waters and a crosswind and, of course, the option to perhaps even bolt on some additional ballast way down low for a more stately motion yet. And if there were any inboard diesel and sail-drive propulsion called for, then this would likely be one the prerequisites for that.

Of course, being close to the tidal salt marshes here in Gloucester, and appreciating least draft for most options to cruise and stay overnight nicely protected from wind, waves, harbormasters and marina fee schedules with portable credit card machines, then at most a modest shoe and skeg may suffice, with perhaps an off centerboard somewhere to reduce her leeway some in a crosswind, all shallow and stout to routinely sit on the mud or sand, pretty well upright, day or night, sometimes even beaching her.

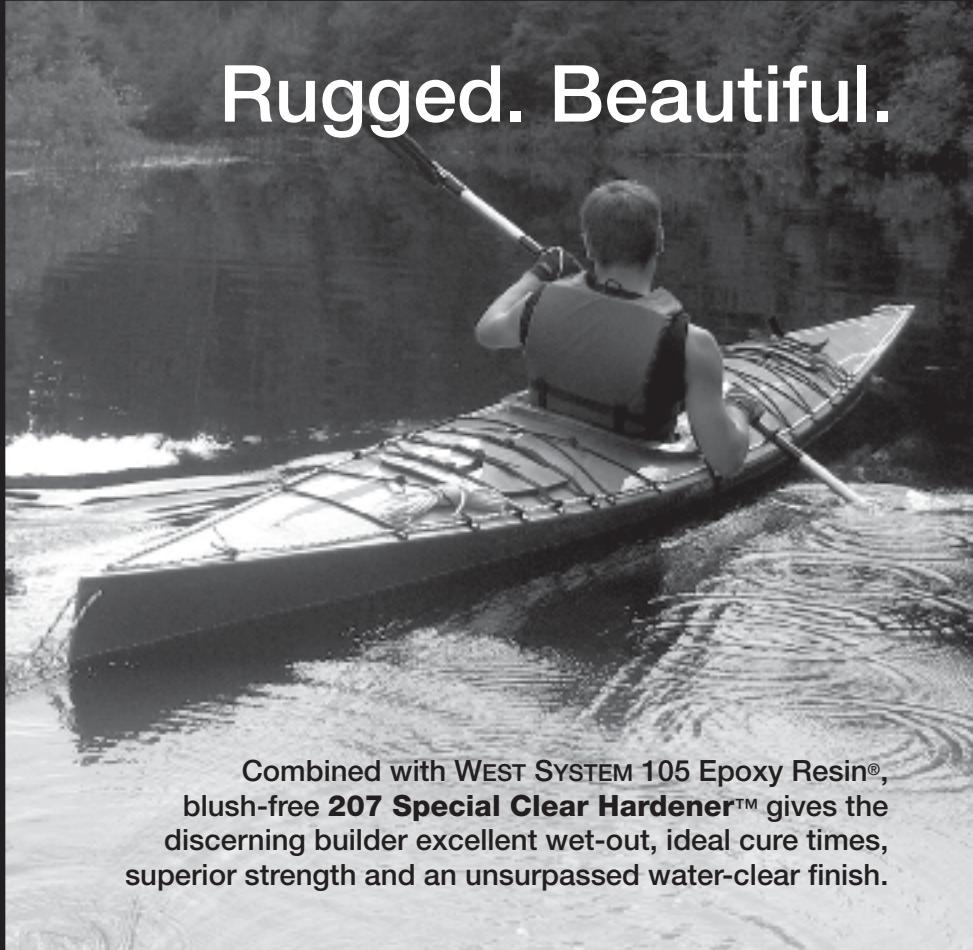
Beyond these limited remarks, this study should be self explanatory. And once we are beginning to fool around with her in our minds, then that sort of bobtail canal duty correct that it is (!), could be extended some for more visual balance, as already demonstrated in the August 2012 issue (Vol 30, No 4, pp.36-39). We might go further than that, and will.

Well, no point in spoiling the plot! Off to another self indulgent succession of fits of exploring opportunities on this hull. A well familiar form of "Caution: Heavy Cliché!" messing about in boats. And one of the least expensive ways of doing so, with just paper, ink, a few ideas.





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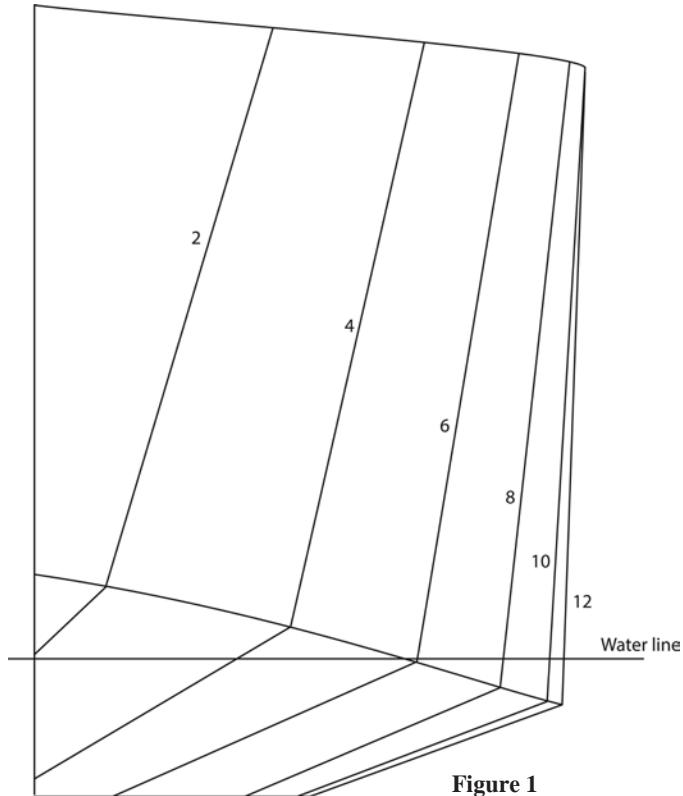
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In the July *MAIB* issue one of your contributors launched his modified boat and was disappointed to find that it was lower in the water than he had hoped. This prompted me to write a couple of articles about displacement and weight, an explanation of how to establish the point at which your boat will float and at what angle.

First let us consider displacement. A boat will float if it receives an upthrust from the water on which it is sitting that is equal to its weight. Clearly it will find an equilibrium point and this is where the weight of the water it "displaces" equals the weight of the boat. In other words, the boat makes a hole in the water which would contain enough water to weigh the same as the boat if the boat wasn't sitting there. OK?

As the ratio of weight to volume (density) is very constant we can establish the upthrust by calculating the volume of the immersed portion of the boat. For example, imagine a boat that has an immersed portion equal to 6"x24"x72" (an ugly boat, but let's keep it simple). The volume is 6"x24"x72" = 10,368ci or divided by 12 three times = 6cf. Now 1cf of fresh water weighs about 62.4lbs (sea water 64lbs) so this ugly boat weighs 6x62.4 = 375lbs. That was easy! Now how about a boat that is not a perfect box shape, then the fun starts.

Figure 1 is the profile of a 30' runabout I designed. You will see the waterline and the first six stations which are at 2' intervals so they are marked Station 2, Station 4, etc. So if we



Float or Sink?

By Malcolm Fifer

can calculate the volume of the immersed portion then we can calculate the displacement.

First let me say that if you have a hull but no profile drawing then with a few straight sticks, some masking tape, a steel ruler and a level you can create one. Now let us calculate the immersed volume of the boat at Station 12.

Figure 2 shows two rectangles drawn on the immersed portion. Rectangle A measures at 185.06 sq inches and B at 279.58 sq inches. This is a total of 464.64 sq inches = 3.227 sq feet. But this station represents a 2' section of the hull so multiply $3.227 \times 2 = 6.454$ cu ft. That much water weighs 402.7lbs so that is the displacement of that section of the hull. But we have only considered one side of the hull so we must double this for the final tally = 805.4 lbs. If you repeat the exercise for all the other sections and add them up the total is the displacement of the boat. Easy, right?

If you are worried that the boat is curved it averages out. Look at Station 4 in Figure 1, you will see that 12" ahead the hull tapers away but 12" behind it widens so the two cancel out. Another couple of minor points. Station 2 is above the water line so there is no immersed volume to calculate. The last station at the stern has 12" in front of it but nothing behind, so do not multiply by 2.

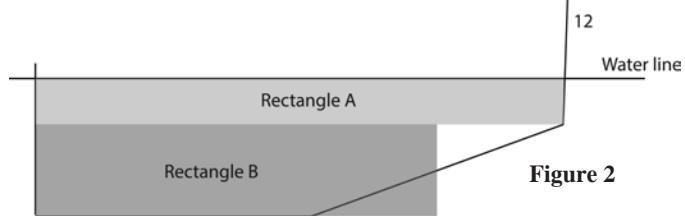


Figure 2

Station	A	B	Sum x 2	cu ft	Disp
4	92.19	0.00	184.38	2.561	159.796
6	244.01	0.00	488.02	6.778	422.951
8	101.72	279.49	762.42	10.589	660.764
10	165.72	280.80	893.04	12.403	773.968
12	185.06	279.58	929.28	12.907	805.376
14	185.06	279.58	929.28	12.907	805.376
16	185.06	279.58	929.28	12.907	805.376
18	185.06	279.58	929.28	12.907	805.376
20	185.06	279.58	929.28	12.907	805.376
22	185.06	279.58	929.28	12.907	805.376
24	177.74	256.79	869.06	12.070	753.185
26	160.03	214.49	749.04	10.403	649.168
28	130.63	150.50	562.26	7.809	487.292
30	46.00		92.00	0.639	39.867
					8779

Table 1

Now you are probably saying, wait a minute, how do you know where to draw the waterline? The answer is you don't, so you make a wild guess, calculate the displacement using THAT water line and compare it with the weight of the boat, which is calculated by adding up all the parts. This can be tedious but if you establish the size of all the pieces of timber and plywood in the boat, add in the motor, fuel tanks, people, water, etc you can come up with a pretty accurate figure. It pays to add 10% because boats always end up heavier than we think they are going to be and if it floats a little high on its lines that's better than it wallowing below the point you chose.

So you calculate the weight, you calculate the displacement and then you find there is a huge difference. Some simple arithmetic plus some inspiration will tell you how far to move the water line (up or down). You will then recalculate the displacement and with luck the weight of the boat and the calculated displacement will be within the 10% margin. If you have followed me so far, well done.

Now we've done the easy part we go on to my second article next month, which is calculating the center of gravity and the center of buoyancy because if they don't coincide the boat will tip backwards or forwards until they do! Table 1 shows the detailed calculations for the whole boat. You will see a displacement of 8,779lbs which compares well with a calculated weight of 8,716 lbs.

Do you have jumper cables in your boat's emergency gear collection? They can be quite helpful if your boat's battery goes dead or you are trying to help someone else get their boat's engine started. After an overnight sailboat race, one of the competitors could not get his boat's engine started to head through the channel for dockage. A second boat, powered by a manual pull outboard motor sailed alongside and the crew passed a 12v battery across that was used for the running lights and CB radio (an interesting feat to watch) to the disabled boat. The engine was started and the battery returned when everyone had made it back in.

Rather than trying to remove the cables from the battery in the disabled boat, jumper cables were connected (very carefully to avoid sparks) to start the engine. I have also seen a boat's motor started from a boat alongside (calm water) using long, heavy duty jumper cables. I am not writing about the cables that I found at a discount store that are about 6' long. I mean the heavy ones used with diesel engines that are about 12' long. One must be careful when going this route with either short or long jumper cables, but it is a possible solution if the equipment is available.

It seems that "what goes around, comes around" is some times a reality. In the June/July 2014 issue of *Professional Mariner* an article on maritime cyber security noted that legislation was passed to "preserve infrastructure for a Positioning, Navigation and Timing (PNT) system which could supplement GPS through powerful land based signals." Sounds like LORAN C or the newer eLORAN system to me. Remember just a while ago when the entire LORAN system was judged to be obsolete and was shut down? I wonder if my old LORAN C (in storage) still works?

Our local yacht club is without a race committee at the moment. The lack of such can lead to problems. The PHRF fleet races under the current Racing Rules of Sailing and the rules are written with the assumption that there is a race committee present on a boat on the water. When a race committee is not available, the PHRF racers use the "Rabbit Start" option and use their GPS units as the timing device.

All is well until a problem occurs such as a race where the onshore wind was quite strong and there were small breaking waves at the entrance to the channel. Two boats went out through the chop and the rest were beset by problems trying to get through. According to the Racing Rules (27.3), only the race committee can call off a race. There was no race committee and the "Sailing Instructions" did not address the question of who is in charge and what to do if no Race Committee is present.

The decision was made by the Vice Commodore (who was on one of the race boats and is responsible for the racing fleets) to call the race. This was done by use of the VHF radio and hand signals to those trying to get out the channel. The two boats at the starting line did not "get the word" and sailed the course. If there had been a race committee on a boat on the water at (or near) the starting mark, all would have been well in calling the race.

At present, the club's sailing instructions are being revised to address this problem if it happens in the future. If asked to provide a boat for a race committee, do so as you can have an enjoyable time at anchor watching



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

others work very hard to get someplace rather slowly (unless they are racing multi hulls) and you will also provide those involved with people on board who can make decision as to the race as per the rules and instructions.

Almost every time I have ignored the "rule" of "don't leave the dock until everything is working properly," I have needed assistance to return to the dock (like a tow by another boat). The other day a neighbor used a battery charger to "boost" the battery for his outboard motor (that has been sitting unused for some time) before going on a short trip with some friends. A few hours later I saw them come back aboard a SeaTow vessel.

The event reminded me of the time friends were going to take their boat to another marina to get the engine worked on. The engine died twice at the float. They got it running again and did not give it time to warm up or try out the gears while tied to the float. The transmission was put into reverse, the boat backed out into the basin and the engine died when they put the transmission into forward. No restart. They were beyond line throwing range so another boat had to go out and tow them back to their slip. Once the engine is running, go through the gear selections while still secured to the float and make sure all will work properly. Those few steps may save some embarrassment or discomfort.

Do you have some "twist ties" on your boat? I do not mean the type that has a metal core (that will rust). I mean the type that comes in a roll and you cut off what you need for the moment. They are a very handy item to have in your toolbox to use instead of a piece of string or other small line. I have used them to bundle wiring together on a temporary basis until I could decide just where the more secure tie should be placed. I will admit that some of them are still there holding the bundle together. They also are useful when you need to fly a flag on a temporary basis.

Run a length through the grommets of the flag hoist (both ends) and then twist around the rope hoist. If you are using three strand line for the hoist, you can create a "gap" in the line to insert the tie for a better grip.

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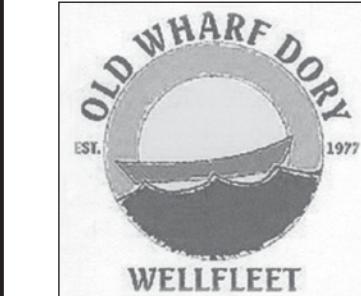
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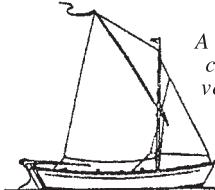
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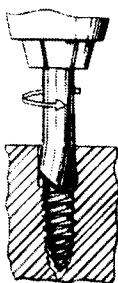
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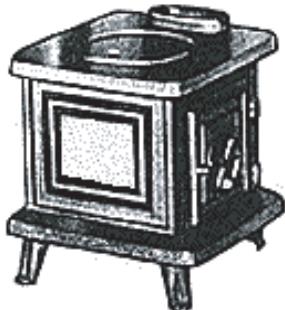
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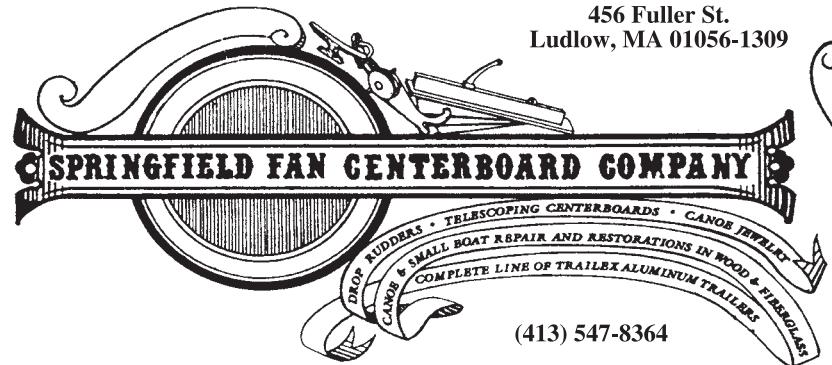
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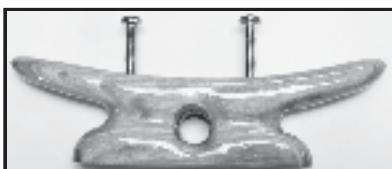
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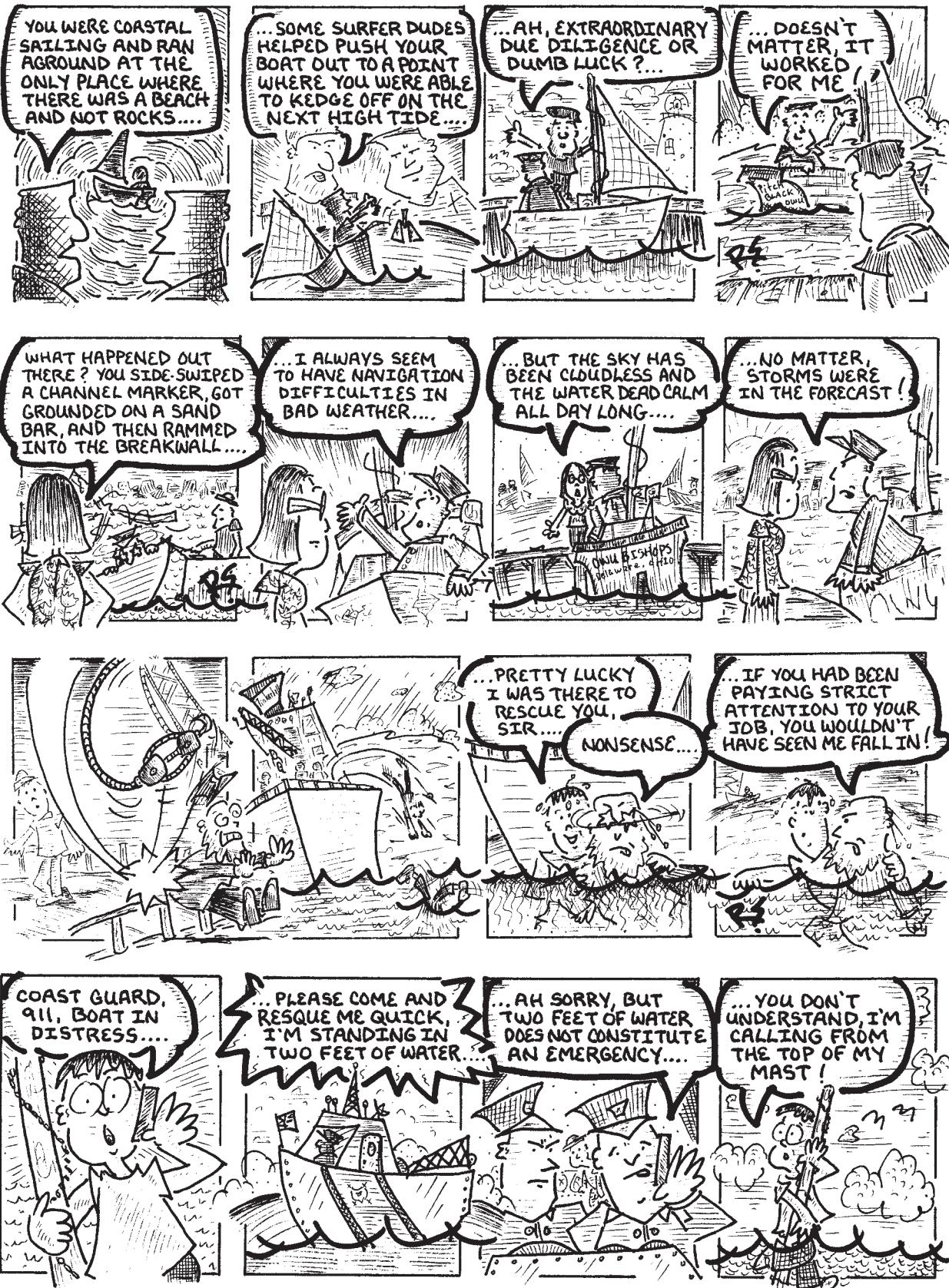
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ADIRONDACK ENVY by Jim Leinfelder We Minnesotans are a self-satisfied bunch. It's not that we brag on the things we like about ourselves in the manner of, say, Texans or the French. We quietly take great satisfaction in our preference for hot dish, losing football teams, and sentences that begin with "so" and end with "then," as in, "So, yer' gonna' goh over tuh' Gramma's cabin on Sundee fer some hotdish while yuh watch duh Vikings lose, then?"

We are also an unabashedly canoe-centric people. Gradually I've been coming to this vague awareness of the Adirondack Guideboat Company in Vermont. When and how this awareness began I can't say exactly, but one look at their boats and I was a convert. We've had so many unwelcome arrivals in our waters milfoil, zebra mussels, and, if you can believe the local FOX affiliate, a piranha...but *this* exotic, the Adirondack guideboat, well, it makes just so much sense out here. (Jim's article is continued on our website)

Jim is a long-time friend of our company. He is a producer for NBC News and Minnesota Public Television. He bought one of our boats.....actually TWO of our boats...a cedar guideboat kit.....which, untouched, he traded for a completed Kevlar boat. He recently got married and fathered a little girl. His e-mail about her first time in the boat fairly shimmered with excitement. He may have had Adirondack Envy....we have new daughter envy.

